THE

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. IX. No. 457. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, JULY 29, 1893. [HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commandant for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

British Columbia's Reception to the Commandant.

TOWNS STIRRED—VILLAGES BOMBARDED—DOWN IN A COAL MINE—A VISIT TO THE CHINESE QUARTER OF VICTORIA, AND THE FINISH-UP OF THE TOUR.

The Same Old-Fashioned Power Falls and Sinners Return to the Fold.

Western Whittlings.

Breaking the Record.

We constantly hear of mail boats and fast sailing steamers vieing with each other to reduce the shortest space of time on record in the trip from New York to Liverpool, or between some other popular seaport towns. One soldier in the Western Province has certainly earned the honor of being the champion walker for the West in the fact that he tramped no less than seventy-two miles three times over in order to attend the farewell of his Captain. I guess he got well blessed.

Whom to Strike and Whom Not.

No other individual but a coward would kick a man when he is down, as did the scamp who was fighting a poor Jap. on the streets of Vancouver the other day. It is poor satisfaction and hadsome which glories in bruising and battering each others faces. Oh, that men would learn to be at peace among themselves, and then turn in hip and thigh and smite the devil; it is always permissible, nay, lawful to punish or kick him up or down.

Lift Up the Banner on High.

The flag of the Salvation Army proudly floated on "The City of Nanaimo" as she carried the Commandant, his staff and helpers and the Nanaimo band from Vancouver to Nanaimo. Another flag, too, has been hoisted on this trip—whole-souled and desperate enthusiasm for God and souls. The first flag was only up a few hours; we trust the latter will wave and wave higher and higher until the whole of the Western Province is wafted into the harbor of God's salvation.

A Model Lieutenant.

"This is a great girl to pray, the very best I have ever had with me; she takes individuals on her heart and pleads and pleads alone with God on their behalf, and does not quit until they get converted, and she does love and use her Bible," said a Captain to me recently concerning a certain Lieutenant. "Can't you let her come with me to ——?" asked the Captain. God multiply the number of such Lieutenants as that.

The Brigadier's Best Wishes.

We are extremely sorry to lose Staff-Captain Banks, who will have bid us and all her Western comrades good-bye ere this is in print. Certainly that district for which she has volunteered, and that Captain to whom she will be Lieutenant, will be gainers. If it were orthodox I should certainly put it that that Captain who will be led by her will be an essentially happy man, that is, if a faithful and loyal Salvationist, a brave warrior, a spotless character and a true courade can promote happiness. God bless and speed Staff-Captain Banks.

Three things that Gladden her Heart.

While I am on this subject I might say there are three things over which Staff-Captain Banks is especially enthusiastic: 1. There is a narrow roadway in Victoria called "Trunnels Alley;" she is very fond of taking the band up this alley because it makes such a tremendous row. 2. She is all there when a chorus is going which they call in Victoria, "All through the blood," because all the soldiers suddenly "fix bayonets" at a certain part of the chorus without being called upon, and it causes a sensation. 3. Because the Commandant has done for British Columbia what he has not done for any other district in the Dominion—visited every corps in it. Now those are the things that tickle Staff-Captain Banks.

God Bless the Band Boys.

We have some bandsmen with the right spirit out West. The Calgary boys are only young beginners, but are doing well. The Nanaimo musical miners distinguished themselves by coming over to Vancouver and New Westminster for the Commandant's meetings, which involved being away from their work five days. The Victoria bandsmen having some time to wait in Westminster for their boat to convey them to Victoria, improved the time by going round the city announcing the Commandant's meetings, one of them being dressed up in posters. This is all the more to be appreciated, because it was done voluntarily. God bless our bandsmen!

THE SELKIRKS.

Artificial Actors not in it.

Some time ago, a certain theatrical company performed an act on the stage of the "Victoria Theatre," at Victoria, which embraced "The Salvation Army." It is not for me to say what kind of an impression this act produced, but one thing is sure that stage never was better decorated and never exhibited a brighter, happier, and freer lot of real *actors*, than when filled with enthusiastic Salvationists at the Commandant's visit. It is very questionable whether an audience was ever more firmly grasped with the grip of real, heartfelt interest, or more earnestly applauded an actor on the stage, than during the delivery and at the finish of the Commandant's talk on Darkest England.

Thanks, Ye Brothers from California.

We were pleased to meet our comrades from over the border, Staff-Captain Milsaps, from "Frisco," and Staff-Captain Morton, from Seattle. The former accompanied us all through our British Columbia tour, and interested us with "May the Lord continue with me," and "Do thyself no harm," etc., etc. The latter paid quite a compliment to our Canadian CRY. "I consider," said he, "this CRY is very cheap at fifteen cents."

A New Way out of the Difficulty.

One brother has found out a new way of getting over the devil; if it is not the best way it certainly is an original one. Says he: "I never, never will give in, no I won't; rather than give in to the devil, I will lay down and kick."

J. E. MARGETTS.

The Meetings AT New Westminster.

A VISIT TO THE SALMON CANNERIES.

The Cosmopolitan Spot—Air, and a Sanktifier Sociaimed.

The Commandant is a busy man. His tour in the Far West means to him many meetings, much travel, a heavy correspondence, interviewing candidates, and multifarious duties of a very incidental to a trip of this character.

Headquarters in the Saddle,

is a form of expression not inapplicable to the Commandant's position. Although two thousand miles from Toronto, the "cause of empire," connected with the management of his far-reaching command, follow him in and out of meetings and up and down the province as he flies from place to place.

Vancouver's three days' "go" involved much work, and now up and away via the train car to New Westminster.

Oh, the rain! Some of the inhabitants of those parts assure the strangers that the weather is good. Perhaps it is—for ducks—but we wonder what constitutes bad weather.

Some of the Nanaimo bandsmen (God bless these devoted soldiers), accompanied the Commandant to New Westminster, and when marching time came turned out in the drizzle. The crash of brass awoke the echoes of the silent streets and informed

(Continued on page 4.)

LUTHER.

There is no figure in Christian history standing out so prominently and luminous than the Apostle of the Reformation, Dr. Martin Luther.

After the beautiful zealous faith of the early Christians, with suffering and blood, had laid the everlasting foundation of Christendom, the latter decreased in spirituality as it increased in ritualism, until the Spirit was

Crowded Out

by the self-aggrandisement of the church. Towards the end of the fifteenth century the ecclesiastical affairs of Europe were wholesale corruption, and ignorance and superstition reigned while Christianity had fallen, apparently, into a long winter sleep. It was at this period that the Lord sent one of the saviours, of whom the prophet speaks, unto Israel, and I feel very insufficient to write about this great man, who, in the strength of God, defied the highest human authority and the cunnings of the devil in order to establish the primitive faith and freedom of conscience.

Luther was born on the 10th of October, 1483, in Eisleben, in Central Germany, as it is now known. His parents were not wealthy, but were anxious that the bright lad should have a good education. He made remarkable progress in learning, and early entered the university at Erfurt to study law. However, in 1503 he came across a Bible in the university library, a book which in those times was not much known. He read at first carelessly, but soon became so interested in it that he spent

Hours After Hours

in reading its chapters. He found that the volume contained a good deal more truth and information than was generally known or supposed, and, naturally, seeing that an eager mind was ready to digest the offered truth, a wonderful change was brought about in his desires. In 1505 the conviction of his sins prompted him to become a monk of the Augustine Order, much against his father's wishes. Two years later he was ordained as priest, and the following year appointed as lecturer in the Erfurt University. He had, shortly after becoming a monk, found salvation by faith in Jesus, and having the right foundation, continued to develope in the right spiritual direction. He built his faith and sermons entirely on the Word of God, and did not use any commentaries. At every opportunity he impressed his colleagues with the necessity of studying the Scriptures for themselves. At that time he was respected and known as a powerful lecturer. We quote what Dr. Pollish, physician to the Elector-Frederic and Rector of the university, after hearing Luther, said, "That monk will confound all the learned doctors, propound a new doctrine, and reform the whole Roman Church, for he studies the writings of the prophets and evangelists; he relies on the Word of Jesus Christ, and

No one can Subvert That

either with philosophy or with sophistry." The near future proved the truth of this remarkable comment.

While lecturing in the University, he was still connected with the Augustine Order, and had a good deal of its administration to supervise. It was in connection with some business of that Order that his first visit to Rome was required. He was then looking to that city as the seat of holiness, and still believed a good deal in the works performed there. He was sadly disappointed when he met with

Frivolity and Corruption,

and returned much disappointed. He preached fervently against the sins of the Church, especially against the traffic in indulgences which then flourished in the Empire. He wrote to the Pope, thinking that this traffic was going on without his sanction and knowledge, only to receive a disappointing reply.

In 1512, Luther was created a Doctor of Divinity, much against his inclination, as he thought a very little of himself and his abilities. With greater zeal, he threw himself on the study of the Bible, and finding that many practices of the Church did not harmonize with the Word, he boldly exposed and condemned the same. Finally he wrote out his ninety-five theses, which he nailed on the 17th October, 1517, to the doors of the Schloss Kirche, at Wittenberg. This may rightly be called

The Beginning of the Reformation.

The art of printing, shortly after invented, came to his aid, and the theses were printed and diffused rapidly, creating no small revolt in the stagnant Church. A copy of these celebrated ninety-five theses is now in the British museum. Nevertheless, Luther was still loyal to the Pope, believing him to be the true representative of Christ, and agreed to submit to the judgment of Rome. The Papal See did not consider the protest of Luther of much consequence, and without any attempt to explain or argue the disputed points which Luther had raised as a matter of conscience, tried to force him to silence. To this "the monk" would not submit.

His Sanctified Conscience

could not be subdued by mere brute force of authority, and his reply and appeal for justice was finally answered by the Papal bull. This step fixed the great gulf between Luther and the Pope. On the 10th of December, 1520, he took the bull and other Papal books and writings, and, in presence of a tremendous crowd of people, including all the students, publicly burned them in the market place. We cannot imagine what a step like this entailed in those times; but, in spite of the danger, Luther had many supporters. On being asked why he burned those books, he said that it was an ancient costume to burn bad books, referring to the time when Paul burned 500 of them in Athens.

Seeing that the rupture seemed to take a rather serious turn the Pope finally arranged for a trial of the heretic monk before the German Emperor, Electors and Princes in Worms, 1521. The Emperor Charles V. promised him safe conduct, but not much weight was given to that. In spite of the warnings and beggings of his friends he set out on the journey, determined to face the council without fear, being strong in the consciousness of the truth.

Here we have a living illustration of the text, "the truth shall make you free." Even a few miles outside of Worms a message was sent to him by a friend to abstain from entering, but Luther replied resolutely, "If there are as many devils in Worms as tiles on the roofs of the houses I will go in."

His entrance was like a triumph. The streets, windows, and even the roofs, were thronged with people who wanted to have a look at

"The Monk Who Shook the World."

Before entering the council hall an old knight and warrior shook Luther's hand, saying, "I have fought many a hot battle, but thou hast a harder fight before thee than I have ever seen. Be of good cheer, God will fight for thee."

After Luther made his first appearance before the Diet, and had delivered the addresses prepared by him, he was required to retire. He spent the interval in prayer and communion with a few friends. The imposing court, before which the solitary monk appeared, consisted of the Emperor, eighty dukes, thirty arch-bishops and other Roman prelates, many princes, counts and knights, seven ambassadors, including those of France and England, the Pope's nuncios; in all, about 200 notables.

On the next day Luther was ushered into the presence of the Emperor and the assembly, and when questioned, "Will you or will you not recant?" answered firmly,

"Since your Most Serene Majesty and your High Mightinesses require of me a simple, clear and direct answer, I will give one, and it is this: I cannot submit my faith either to the Pope or to the councils, because it is clear as noon-day that they have often fallen into error, and even into glaring inconsistency with themselves; if, then, I am not convinced by proof from Holy Scripture, or by cogent reasons,

I Neither can nor will Retract Anything,

for it cannot be right for a Christian to speak against his conscience."

Then turning a look on the assembly before him, and which held in its hand life or death, he said, raising his right hand,

"Here I Stand; I Cannot do Otherwise; God Help Me! Amen."

This firm declaration caused a profound silence and admiration, even among his enemies, and the Emperor said that the monk had courage at any rate. The papal representative tried to get the Emperor to break his promise of safe conduct and burn him, like John Huss; but Charles V. rejoined that the word of an emperor should not be broken.

As soon as Luther left Worms, the Elector-Frederic—his friend and supporter—seeing the danger in which he was, kidnapped Luther by masked knights, and carried him to the Castle Wartburg, where he was held in pleasant confinement to protect his life. It was here that Luther commenced his celebrated translation of the Books of the Bible from the original tongue into the German language. He has thereby accomplished not only the task to produce for the common people the Bible in their tongue, and so spread the knowledge, but his translation must still be counted a classic. It is a masterpiece of literature in the German, and no small undertaking at that time.

Luther soon grew tired of his confinement, and when news reached him that the peasant insurrection was committing acts of injustice and cruelty under the partial cloak of religion, he left his castle with a servant, and preached against the misapplied freedom with much good result. From that day he preached regularly, and again assumed the pulpit.

He was happily married to an ex-nun—Catherina von Bora—in 1525. His home-life was a

Most Happy and Affectionate One.

Many enjoyed his hospitality, and in high terms praised his home circle. He was a vigorous writer, and his pamphlets and books were sold in Italy, Spain, France and England. He never wrote for money, and even when offered money he would not take a cent from the publishers, who grew rich through him. He also continued as lecturer without any charge. He was a lover of music, and a poet at the same time. His hymns are powerful, sweet, simple and majestic. His famous song:

"Eine feste Burg is Unser Gott,"

is one which has been made by him under difficulties and distress while reading the 46th Psalm, and is full of melody stirring the soul.

Many of his enemies have been turned through this song into friends. Elector-Frederic when asked why he did not fortify his country better, replied: "Eine feste burg is unser Gott," i.e., "A mighty fortress is our God."

The King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus, on the morning of the battle in which he lost his life in the cause of reformation, sang with his whole army this beautiful hymn, and afterwards died like a hero.

Luther believed that next to the study of the Bible, music should be cultivated as

The Harmony of Heaven,

and in this he certainly was, as in other respects, a proper Salvationist. Dr. Luther was a man of prayer, and every one who was privileged to hear him pray was astonished at the power which seemed to accompany it. It was said that he often spent three hours of the most convenient time for study in prayer. He was liberal in the extreme. When once being asked by a destitute student for assistance, he replied that he had nothing to give, and that all his silver had been

Pawned to Help the Poor.

Then his eye lit on a silver cup which the Elector of Saxony had given him, and quickly he gave it to the student. "I have no use for silver cups. Here, sell this for as much as you can."

His character was above reproach, and even his enemies had to admit this. When a certain dignitary was sent to try and bribe Luther by promise of high office or gold, he had to return without accomplishing anything, and on his return said, "This German beast has neither regard for honor nor gold." His letters to his children breathe a most tender affection, and he was constantly

Seeking to Bless Somebody.

He was very humble, and never sought praise or applause. All his time and thoughts were taken up with the affairs of the Kingdom.

He died on the 18th February, 1546, in his birthplace, Eisleben, surrounded by his friends and loved ones. His last words were, after being asked, "Reverend father, do you die in firm adherence to Christ and the doctrines you have preached?" a firm and determined "Yes, yes!"

He did valiantly through God, and so became a pillar in the church of God. Luther and Bismarck are the most popular men of Germany, and in many houses you can find their pictures on the walls.

It may not be out of place to give a little explanation to the picture of the Luther monument. It records much history of the reformation. The monument not only honors Luther, but also some of the chief reformers of other lands, by the statues of Peter Waldus, John Wicliffe, John Huss, and Savanarola. At the four corners stand the statues of the mightiest supporters and promoters of the Reformation—Frederic the Wise, Elector of Saxony; Philip the Magnaminous, Land-grave of Hesse; Philip Melanchthon and John Reuchlin. On the inner faces of the battlements are the arms of the twenty-four cities which

Fought and Suffered

for the Reformation. The statue of Luther is eleven feet four inches high, on a pedestal of fourteen feet eight inches. In front we read the words, "Here I stand, I cannot retract; God help me; Amen."

At the back is the passage, "The Gospel that the Lord hath put into the mouth of the apostles is His sword; with it He strikes the world as if with lightning and thunder." Underneath are the likenesses of the two knights, Ulric von Hutten and Francis von Sickingen.

To the right we read, "Faith is but the right and true life in God Himself, and in order to understand the Scriptures rightly, the Spirit of Christ is required."

Underneath are the likenesses of the faithful disciples of Luther, Justus Jonas and John Bugenhagen.

To the left are the words, "Those who rightly understand Christ, no human ordinance will be able to enslave; they are free, not according to the flesh, but according to conscience."

Underneath are the pictures of John Calvin and Ulric Zwingli, the two Swiss reformers.

Besides there are a lot of figures and illustrations referring to the Reformation, the details of which are too many to describe here.

Altogether it is a grand monument, worthy of the German nation and of the cause.

But infinitely greater is the monument which he has

Set in the Hearts

of all true followers of Christ in general, and of the German Protestants in particular. Let us follow him as he followed Christ.

B. F.

Do you pray in the store where you work? Do the ones that work with you think you are a Blood and Fire Salvationist?

Toronto Tremblings.

How right down glad and grateful I am now that the Commandant has returned. What a tour he has had. That day-by-day travelling and getting up and going to bed at all unearthly hours, is trying to the very strongest, and I know of nothing more taxing to any man; personally, I dread it, and we should daily pray that our leader may be sustained, God bless him!

* * *

Our bands need and shall have every attention; any bands needing tuition, should communicate through their Captain with Adjutant Jewer at once.

* * *

What's the use of a law if it is not kept? Painted in large letters on the car in which I went to Montreal, was the warning notice, "No smoking allowed!" Try as I did to get a little of God's fresh air, it was useless; smoke, smoke, smoke! Still those folding arrangements are fine, and a great improvement on any carriages I have seen. As a rule, second-class folks are left to manage as they can, and I congratulate the C.P.R. on the useful invention. Leaving Toronto by the 9:10 p.m. train, I was able to do a good twelve hours' business and get to Toronto the following morning in time for a cold bath, and give an account of my stewardship to my little girl, who can't understand being left behind.

Staff-Captain Morris met me at the station, and like a sensible Salvationist began to tell me some soul-inspiring news. Fifty-four had slept at Joe Beef, although the weather is awfully melting. Fine building, Joe Beef, one of the finest strokes of our leader's administration, and will yet be a real booming success. Position beautiful. Accommodation magnificent, and will be a real boon to the sleeper-out. Thank God for such institutions! Why not send a small donation to help the financial side of matters?

* * *

Speaking of tambourines, reminds me of Dr. Talmage, who is a firm lover and admirer of the Salvation Army, who has been preaching from the text—"And Miram, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miram answered them, "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."—Exodus xv. 20, 21. Speaking of the tambourine, the good Doctor said;—"It is called the Red Sea because the mountains on its western coast look as though sprinkled with brick dust, and the water is colored with red sea-weed, and has red zoophyte and red coral . . . I hear upon it the sound of a tambourine, for which the timbrel was only another name. An instrument of music made out of a circular hoop, with pieces of metal fixed in the sides of it, which make a jingling sound, and over which hoop a piece of parchment was distended, and this was beaten by the knuckles of the performer. (If the Doctor would like a sample, let him send to our Trade Department, Albert Street, Toronto) . . . Rather lively instrument you say, for religious service—the timbrel or tambourine. But I think God sanctioned it. And I rather think we will have to put a little more of the festive into our religious services, and drive out the dolorous and funereal, and the day may come when the timbrel will resume its place in the sanctuary. . . . Yet, to-day, thanks be to God, we stand on the shore, and with organ and cornet, in absence of a timbrel (We must again invite our good friend, the Doctor, to a Salvation Army meeting, and there will be no necessity to deplore the tambourine) we chant—"Sing ye unto the Lord, for He has triumphed gloriously; the horse and its rider hath he thrown into the sea." . . .

But let me criticise Miriam a little for the instrument of music she employed in the divine service on the sandy beach. Why not take some other instrument? The harp was a sacred instrument, why did she not take that? The cymbal was a sacred instrument, why did she not take that? The trumpet was a sacred instrument, why did she not take that? Amid that great host there must have been musical instruments more used in religious service. No. She took that which she liked the best (Good, Doctor!) and on which she could best express her gratulations over a nations rescue. So I withdraw my criticism of Miriam."

Well now, I will have more to say about the tambourine after a while, but let me say, bring them out, and personally I am convinced that as our joyfulness and gladness increases, and our liberty is realized, we shall see more tambourines to the front in the future.

That good friend who says that Headquarters' people only counts up columns of figures and sends off War Crys is all at sea. You should have seen them on Yonge Street, salvation chariot to the front, pitching in for two hours in the open-air. The report appears in this issue. Glory be to God, we are on the devil's track.

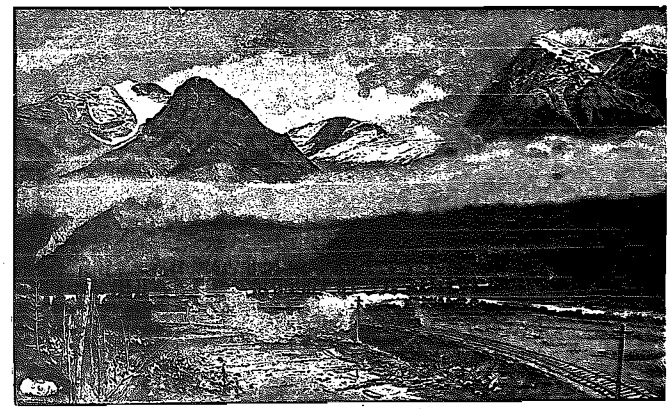
Captain Edgecomb has arrived and got to business. Now, Captain, you have got the best and greatest chance you ever had in your life. Toronto folks like people who are all wide awake. God bless you!

Captain Nellie Smith goes to Lippincott to hold up the hands of Ensign McNamara. Now, Ensign, Lippincott for ever! Getting souls saved is the way to get famous.

Arthur Street and Dovercourt Corps should read "Coming Events." They are going in for two weeks' desperate fighting, and we hope to hear of a real break in the devil's ranks.

Captain McCullough, Richmond Street, has fought bravely and well, and now goes for a well earned rest.

Captain Gamey, of Riverside, goes to the East Ontario Province. She has fought a good fight, and has the best wishes and prayers of the Toronto Province, who respect her for her faithfulness.



OTTERTAIL RANGE, ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Salvation Lexicon.

X.

Prefixed to a title or position signifies that the person connected therewith ceased to hold that rank or position, according to the circumstances connected with the resignation or dismissal.

X-Officers can be divided into two main groups.

I. Such as resign on account of health, or other pressing circumstances of private character which make it necessary.

II. Such as resigned out of a pure selfish motive.

Group I. will always find a sphere where God can continue to use them for good and the salvation of souls.

Group II. gravitate toward evil more and more, unless repentance brings them back to the Niniveh from which they fled.

Y.

Yard.—A square man gives and takes thirty-six inches for it; the devil gives twenty-four inches and takes forty-eight for it.

YAWN.—Stop your exhortation at once and go into the prayer meeting if you see a yawn going round.

YEAR.—A year is made up of moments. A large proportion is lost in sleeping, eating and drinking. How much of it do you use for God and the salvation of souls?

YOU.—For you this Lexicon was written, not for your neighbor.

Z.

Zeal.—The burning desire to do something which is not satisfied with probabilities but presses toward the accomplishment. Zeal is the propelling power of the heart and when directed by the Holy Ghost accomplishes its end.

ZERO.—The point in backsliders' experience when love and zeal have gradually decreased and at last have been frozen out. Spiritual death sets in here.

B. F.

THE END.

Headquarters and the Food and Shelter Staff

CONDUCT ANOTHER OPEN-AIR.

A Glorious Time Spent, Not Without Results.

It was arranged that Brigadier de Barritt, assisted by the Headquarters' Staff, and also the officers of the Shelter, should conduct another open-air engagement on Wednesday, July 12th. We first took our stand in company with the Temple corps at the corner of Yonge and Alice streets, where soon a fine crowd congregated.

A song from the WAR CRY was sung at the start of the meeting, followed up by those who had experienced the saving power of God stepping into the ring and intreating those who had not the experience to yield their all to God.

After holding the open-air for some time, the Brigadier marched off with a squadron of about six to hold another open-air a little further down the street. This was truly

Killing Two Birds with the One Stone.

The Brigadier did not forget either to take with him one or two of the latest converts.

It was not long after the Brigadier had left us when the Temple corps, headed by the Staff band, marched down Yonge street, leaving the former at the Temple, while the latter went further down and halted at the corner of Adelaide and Yonge streets, where the Brigadier joined us.

You talk about a crowd! We had

Hearers Numbering Over Two Hundred,

who listened in the most earnest manner to the songs that were sung and the testimonies that were given. Yes, it was good to watch their eager faces as they listened to every word that was uttered.

Some real old-time choruses were brought into requisition, one of which was sung after each comrade had spoken.

Thus the meeting went on, the truth being backed home with mighty power, and it was very evident that

Conviction was Stamped on a good many Faces.

In fact, the writer saw one young man who had to tear himself away, fearing that if he stayed any longer he would have to yield to the strivings of the Spirit of God.

This meeting was not without its visible results. One young man who was employed on a city paper, after the meeting, walked up with the Brigadier toward the Temple, and there got gloriously saved.

We give God all the glory. F.M.

British Columbia's Reception to the Commandant.

(Continued from Page 1.)

everybody and his friend that the Salvation Army was abroad on the Master's business bent.

An open-air was held under the command of the Brigadier, and a curious crowd gathered around to see and hear the strangers. This demonstration finished at the Opera House up on the hillside, and an intelligent audience filled about two-thirds of the hall. They were somewhat stiff, but when the Commandant took them in hand he adroitly pulled them out of their shell and thawed them out.

The Brigadier was assigned the task of starting the ball rolling. Captain McGill—the outrider from the Mission—was deputized to solo, and further on, Bandsmen Bowyar and Burnell rendered the lively song:

"Hide away, hide away,
Oh, you can't steal aboard and hide away!"

The Commandant finished the introductory meeting with an explanation of the Army and its methods.

"A trip will be made down the Fraser River." "All right, now for the water side." The rain was coming down at a steady gait with no prospects of a change; ulsters and umbrellas in demand. Mr. French's steam launch, the "Huron" was ready, and at 12:30 the Commandant, Brigadier, Staff-Captain Banks, the Brothers from California, and others climbed on board. The broad, beautiful river rolled its turbid tide towards the sea, and down the current the swift little craft sped between banks of living green. The stately firs lifted their dark fronded heads above the green of willows like sentinels along the shore. Canoes and Indian dug-outs were tied to the banks in small fleets at divers places, and nets hanging on frames. The Fraser River is

One of the Great Salmon Runs

of the world, and produces many tons of the fish per annum. There are a number of canneries on the river.

The Commandant and party visited the Ewing Cannery, and were shown through the establishment by Auxiliary Cosins.

God is good, and has provided an abundance of food for His creatures. If men were not selfish, some would not get more than their share by defrauding their less fortunate brethren, and thus compelling them to subsist on less than their share. The food-fish in the Fraser alone is sufficient to feed a large population. A fleet of small boats are engaged catching salmon, and the catch of each boat during the main run of fish ranges from five hundred to seven hundred daily: some have taken as high as one thousand.

The luxuriant trees along the Fraser give a charming appearance to the scenery. The abundant rains and rich soil seem to make vegetation laugh for very joy. The heart feels a new exhiliaration at sight of so much loveliness, and goes up in gratitude to our God, Whose hand has made the trees and mighty hills.

Time for open-air again. The Vancouver officers and soldiers came over by the train. The word had gone out that comrades should muster on the main street for meeting.

This they did. A cosmopolitan crowd stood around that ring listening to the words of life and love. Indians—and there are many in British Columbia—were out in force—ditto Chinese, and attracted the Com-

mandant's attention, who called for a volley in their honor.

The Opera house held some of New Westminster's best citizens; they turned out in force to hear the Commandant.

A Battle for Souls

was the order of the day. From the start the Commandant went in for solid work and trained his heavy guns on the enemy. The struggle was hard, but at the close resulted in the reclamation of a backslider—a venerable father—who, after turning his back on the precious Saviour, returned at last, and promised to spend the remaining span of his life in the service of his Lord. So ended the campaign in New Westminster.

Nanaimo.

Beautiful Scenery—An Improvised Meeting—Seasick—A Successful Time in the Opera House—Down in a Coal Mine.

July 6th.—A day of travel and changing scenes.

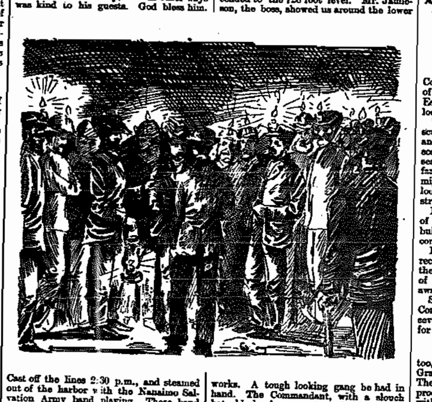
The Commandant and his party boarded the 10:30 a.m. train at New Westminster, and by means of that strange and subtile power—electricity—went flying up and down the hills to Vancouver city, through a dense forest.

Reaching Vancouver, stopped at the officers' quarters for dinner. This very necessary part of life having been attended to, time was up and a rush made for the steamer, *City of Nanaimo*, for was not the Commandant billed to make his bow to the Nanaimoites that night in the Opera house?

Captains McGill and Smith, outriders, joined the invaders, likewise Captain Lowry of Vancouver and Captain Reunie of Prince Albert, a little city 250 miles north of the Canadian Pacific in the great Saskatchewan Valley. Captain Rogers of the steamer

hoisted the yellow, red and blue

in honor of the Army, and in other ways was kind to his guests. God bless him.



Cast off the lines 2:30 p.m., and steamed out of the harbor with the Nanaimo Salvation Army band playing. These band boys assisted in all the meetings at Vancouver and New Westminster.

The steamer rounded the head of Vancouver's splendid Island Park—a pleasure resort of primeval forests, grass of living green and bold promontories or rocky bluffs, and sits like a queen in Burrard's Inlet. Skirting this beautiful island the vessel steamed across English Bay in the Gulf of Georgia. Northward rocky islands studded the water, their mountainous tops hid in clouds; to the south other islands bounded the horizon, and far away to the west a low black line marked the shores of Vancouver Island. Verily, this western coast is a network of detached pieces of land, studding the water like so many gems, all the way up to Alaska. A country of charming scenery this. Lovers of the beautiful and grand in nature, will find here an ever-changing panorama of loveliness, lifting the heart of the devout to the Maker in grateful praise.

"If God has made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare,
Will Paradise be found!"

The Commandant sent word to the comrades who were scattered about the boat, to come forward. This was done, and acting as chief musician, with his concertina, assisted by Brigadier Margetts, with a similar instrument, the Commandant called on various members of the party for solos and duets. Passengers gathered around the Salvationists and had the Gospel sung to them.

The steamer began to get well out into the gulf by this time. A fresh breeze made the vessel roll, and a solemn look took possession of sundry members of the party. Musical proclivities ceased, and no sing was left in them. Nothing the matter, of course! Earth lost its charms for the time being, and presently the secret leaked out—seasickness.

About 6½ o'clock p.m., the steamer bumped the wharf at Nanaimo. A crowd of comrades and friends were on hand to receive the visitors.

Rousing Volleys Rent the Air.

The band formed, and the company marched in procession to the officers' quarters, where the journey ended with a prayer meeting on the grass in the front yard.

At 7.30 p.m., the brass band mustered in the Opera House, and paraded the streets, to advertise the meeting and salvation. Halting in front of the Royal Hotel, Staff-Captain Banks turned the open-air over to the Brother from California, and Christ, and Him crucified, was held up as the sinner's refuge. The Commandant, and Ensign Smeeton coming up at the close, the line was reformed and return made to the Opera House without loss of time, as time pressed. Collection at the door. Large gathering in the play-house. Commandant called for the duet "Hide Away" from two of the band boys, and after some preliminary skirmishing, knuckled down to solid business, by giving an impressive talk re the Salvation Army.

July 7th, we must visit a coal mine; 10.30 and we are off. About twelve persons made up the party. Embarking in a row boat, four of the comrades pulled us over to the Protection Island mine. Descended to the 728 foot level. Mr. Jamieson, the boss, showed us around the lower works. A tough looking gang be had in hand. The Commandant, with a slouch hat, black alpaca coat, and high-water-mark pants, with lantern in hand; Brigadier Margetts, with dirty coat and pants, greasy cap, with an oil-lamp stuck in the same; Ensign Smeeton, in ragged, greasy suit, and others ditto, made up a picture. But were they not going down into the black depths of a coal-mine, with mud and and water, fish oil, smoke, and what-not to spoil their toilets? The party visited several drifts on two levels, and the Commandant tried his hand as a miner at picking down coal. Did not forget the Lord's cause, and held a couple of short prayer song and talk meetings, at the end of a couple of drifts.

Where the Miners were at Work

on the coal seams. This was a unique experience, and before the visitors returned to the surface a number of persons had the subject of salvation brought to their attention, one of them a backslider, who promised to return to the Saviour. May he not neglect to do so! We must all take a ride. Get in everybody; sit in the middle of the cars, and look out for your heads and backs. A mule hitched to a train of several cars, at the word of his driver, started out in the blackness, and away we go. Hurrah!

"Down in a coal mine, far beneath the ground,
Where a ray of sunshine never can be found."

Those little oil lamps gave just enough light to reveal the darkness. May ours be like the electric light! May our souls reflect the full strength of the sun of righteousness in the black depths of sin, and light up all the hidden nooks and corners of iniquity, that our Lord may chase away the shadows with the brightness of His coming! We thought of what a terrible fate it would be to have some mishap shut us off from the bright, beautiful sunshine of the world above, and entomb us in those black drifts. The thought led the mind away to the eternal blackness of darkness reserved for the impenitent sinners and all Christ-neglectors and rejectors. The deepest mines on earth are but a trifle compared to

The Profound Depths of the Bottomless Pit,

where never comes the morning again for all eternity to the prisoners of sin.

Mr. Jamieson led his proteges back to the shaft after they had satisfied their curiosity, and getting into the cage they were quickly hoisted to the surface and rowed back to Nanaimo in the small boat. When the clock marked 6:30, the band marching through the streets, notified the public that all things were ready for the guests, at the City Hall, in which the barracks is located.

Grand time at the Opera House. Audience a free off-hand kind of people, withal well dressed. Rejoiced at the close to find a backslider at the penitent-form. The Lord Jesus healed his backslidings, and rejoicing once more in the Saviour's love, the young man testified that since last January (the date of his wanderings), "I had the most miserablest time I ever had.

Good-bye, Nanaimo.

Victoria.

A Rousing Reception—Another Opera House Success—Several Glorious Meetings—A Visit to the Chinese Quarter by Night—A River Voyage on Salvation Business—A Taste of Out-Riders's Life.

Saturday morning at 8:30 o'clock the Commandant and party, reinforced by some of the Nanaimo braves, repaired to the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railroad. The local S. A. band played farewell airs.

The train pulled out and away we go scurrying over and around great mountains and through vast forests. Magnificent scenery. Lakes, arms and inlets of the sea, are to be seen all along the route, and far away in the distance, southward, the mighty snow-crests of the Olympia range looming up grand and cold from across the strait of San Juan de Fuca.

Here we are in Victoria, the capital city of British Columbia, a beautiful, well-built place, making one think of solid comfort.

Brass band, officers and other comrades received the Commandant with volleys and the strains of "Welcome Home." Word of prayer on the platform, then march away in procession to the officers' quarters.

Six o'clock p.m., banquet at the barracks. Commandant in a happy mood, called on several Salvation Army big and little bugs for speechifications. There was

Samuel Gray, Esq.,

too, well known to Salvationists as "Father Gray." His face was wreathed in smiles. The Commandant requested him to join the procession of speechifiers. Father did this with grace, as he is an old hand at this character of work.

Staff-Captain Morton, who has charge of the Northern Pacific (United States) District, and Captains Fano and Peters of Seattle, were present. The Commandant discovered in the Staff-Captain one of his old-time Training Home boys, away out here in this remote corner of the globe.

The banquet finished, through mud and slush the irrepressibles marched the streets reminding the Victorians that the Commandant's first introduction to the public was at hand.

Quite a gathering in the fine Opera House. The Brigadier was deputized to set the forces in motion, and deployed his skirmishers into action.

The Commandant's explanation of the Army and its methods was listened to with marked interest to the finish.

Sunday, July 10th. Knee-drill at 7 a.m., Brigadier leading. The brother from California called on for Bible lesson. Holy Ghost fire in testimonies and prayers.

11 a.m. Long march preceded the holiness convention. Brigadier to the front again. Staff-Captain Morton wiring in. One soul forward for sanctification.

2:30 p.m. Muster of troops in the street. Open-air

Grand Miscellaneous Aggregation of Humanity

listening to the words of eternal life. The Commandant knows how to make street meetings hum, and he showed the lads and lasses in this one how to fire and fall back in good order.

Returning from the march we found a healthy-looking audience occupying the seats in the Opera House. The Commandant explained the secret of the Salvation Army's success with fire and logical force to appreciative auditors.

6:45 p. m., another magnificent open-air, led by the Commandant, assisted by the Brigadier and comrades.

The night meeting in the Opera House, solid business from the start. Commandant called on the Brigadier to give out the first song, and after prayer, on Staff-Captain Morton and Captain Peters to speak. Our dear leader was almost exhausted from excessive work. This Western tour has been an extra hard strain upon his strength, but the Commandant has not spared him; indeed, he has borne the lion's share of the toil. God bless him a thousand times! Amen!

A large and intelligent audience turned out to hear and see the Commandant. At the close of the attack, two prisoners were captured. They were both deserters, but through the Saviour's clemency, returned to their love and vowed future faithfulness.

Monday, a busy day. Mail to answer, and in the forenoon, an officers' council. Captain Unger, from Port Angeles, Washington State, was present among the British-Columbian officers. She came over to see and hear the Commandant.

Three o'clock p.m., the Pandora Street Methodist Church is the scene of action. This magnificent stone structure is one of the finest of its kind in the far West, and cost $90,000. The lecture room was kindly placed at the disposal of the Army, and the Commandant delivered an address on the Salvation Army, prefacing the same by calling on the Brigadier to lead the singing, and Captain Hilts and the brother from California to pray. Mr. Shakespeare, the Victoria Postmaster, acted as chairman. Quite a select circle listened to the Commandant's remarks, and received his explanations in a friendly spirit.

Eight p.m., the largest and final meeting of the series, was held in the Opera House. Senator T. T. R. McInnes, acted as chairman; Mr. Shakespeare, the afternoon chairman at the M.E. Church, came on the platform, likewise Rev. Robson, and a couple of others whose names we did not learn.

Brigadier Margetts opened the meeting by giving out a song. Prayer followed. Rising, the Senator after a few prefatory remarks, introduced the Commandant, who held the large audience till after ten o'clock with a description of the Darkest England Scheme. The people were deeply interested.

Eleven o'clock p.m., the company with a sergeant of police, the Commandant, Brigadier, Ensign Smeeton, and the brother from California, sallied out into the dark streets to

Explore the Chinese Quarters.

Called at the Methodist Mission; courteously received by the missionary in charge. Several Chinese sang a hymn for the Commandant. The latter became enthusiastic. Had a word of prayer before leaving. Visited several other places of interest, including an opium den. There are about 3,000 Chinese in Victoria.

Returned home somewhere after midnight, and after partaking of lunch, the party bade adieu to the comrades at the quarters, and walked down to the steamer *Premier*, and took passage for Vancouver. Several comrades accompanied the party to the wharf. Boat left about three o'clock a.m., and everybody felt the first stage of the homeward journey had begun.

Reached Vancouver safely Tuesday morning, July 11th, and hurried to the New Westminster train car. Arriving in New Westminster a procession of Salvationists filed up to the officers' quarters with baggage in hand, like pilgrims returning from the shrine of a patron saint. Partook of a hurried lunch, and then away for the second homeward stage.

Mr. French's steam launch, the *Huron*, ready, and twelve Salvationists and Brother Higgins went on board to take a trip up the Frazer River on the Lord's business. Beautiful day. The little craft forced its way against the current of the great river at the rate of about six miles an hour.

Two p.m. Leeds Landing in sight. People on the river bank expecting the voyagers; made fast and went ashore. Sergeant Embrey is part owner of the brick yard at this place.

Inside the Walls of the Large Brick Kiln

which is divided into two sections, the Commandant formed a circle and held a twenty-minute meeting. This was a queer place for religious work. A long high roof covered the kiln. One half was filled with brick and was burning. The Sergeant stopped the men from work, and an audience of about twenty persons, Caucasian and Chinese, male and female, listened attentively to the message of mercy. The Commandant led the skirmish, and made a short talk to the listeners. We could not stay long, although a dinner had been prepared for the travellers. Steamed up the river without dinner. A kind lady sent a bucket of milk on board, which was quite acceptable.

6:15 p.m. Mount Lehman landing. Made fast to the wharf. Only three houses in sight, but about forty men, women, and children gathered on the wharf and remaining in the boat, the Commandant addressed them, and called for prayer and song. Off again. Splendid view of snow-clad mountains, great forests, wide reach of river and islands. A sister in hallelujah bonnet taken on board the launch. Captains McGill and Smith rejoicing at the prospect of a meeting next Saturday. This is the

Mount Lehman Outriders' District,

and is a very picturesque region.

Here we are at last in Mission City, a place with an ambitious name, but few hotels. Is a "boom" town, *i. e.* a wealthy man tried to make a fortune by the sale of real estate, and added "City" to the name of Mission.

The Canadian Pacific branches at this point, and one line runs to Whatcom, in Washington State. The mighty Frazer rolls its turbid current past the town site, and encloses between the banks unnumbered salmon; and holds the possibility of a large commerce when the country settles.

The launch tried to make a landing at the wharf, but failing in this, deposited its passengers

On a Mud Bank.

At 7.20 p.m., Sergeant Aldred waited to receive the attacking party. Some of the comrades went to their billets, and others to an hotel. Eight p.m., before supper was finished, held a short open-air in front of the inn. Hardly a person in sight at the time. A few individuals stood about forty feet away, at a safe distance, to listen with curiosity. Announcing the meeting, the Salvationists picked their way over a path up the hillside to the Methodist Church. Quite a procession of towns-people fell in behind, and an audience of 124 greeted the Commandant. He pushed the Lord's claims with vigor, assisted by all his companions, and some Christians in the audience, including Rev. Winslow and wife, who are in charge of the M. E. work in this town. Kind-hearted people they are, God bless them! The hour was late, and the Commandant and comrades thoroughly tired in body when the meeting closed, but they could rejoice in spirit for faithfully doing the Master's work.

This meeting ended the Commandant's long, arduous tour to the Far West.

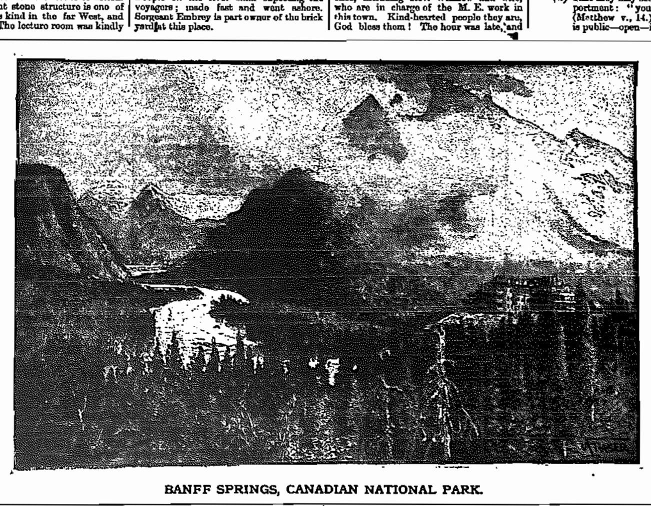
The local female officers return to Vancouver and New Westminster, Brigadier Margetts to Winnipeg, Commandant and Ensign Smeeton to Toronto, the outriders to their various districts, and Staff-Captain Milsaps to California.

The battles and victories, the stirring scenes, constant changes, and daily association of the Commandant and his comrades were

Of a Most Agreeable Character.

And now to our kind War Cry readers, we say good-bye! God be with you till we meet again.

M.



BANFF SPRINGS, CANADIAN NATIONAL PARK.

The Power of Christian Example.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father which is in heaven."—Matthew v., 16.

"I am not the rose," says the Eastern proverb, "but I have been with the rose, and therefore I am sweet." The Christian is not Christ, but he has been with Christ, and therefore he partakes of Christ. The sun has no need to say, "I shine:" his light shows this. So Christians have no need to say, 'We live to God:" their life-work is evidence of their spiritual life, and their real attraction of men. "Let your light," etc.

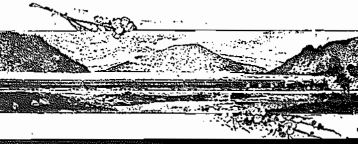
I. Christian example. "Your light."

That is, the purity of your heart, the sincerity of your actions—the holiness of your life. Let your light——

1. So "shine."
   - (a) As the truly pious have done before you: Enoch, Elijah, David, Paul, John, and a host of others. (Hebrew xi., 1-40.)
   - (b) As you are moved by the Holy Spirit. (John xvii., 13-15.)
   - (c) As you are directed by the Word of God. (I. Timothy, iv., 12.)
2. "Before men."
   - (a) That they may see your holy deportment: "your good works." (Matthew v., 14.) True religion is public—open—in everyday life: in the family; in business; in company; cannot be hid any more than sunlight.
   - (b) That they may follow your good example: walk in your light: learn of you, etc.

II. The power of Christian example: "Seeing your good works."

The course of the truly pious is not marked by affected singularity—supercilious, ostentatious performances—to deter others from embracing the principles of the religion of Jesus Christ; but, on the contrary, their pious conversation, lowliness of heart, meekness of soul, sweetness of disposition, candour and simplicity, gives such a gentle, steady and bright light to their example that allures men to follow them as they follow Christ.



MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH

AT WORK.

(The leading article in the June number of "The Young Woman.")

People are sometimes surprised to find the stuff Salvationists are made of. At best they are often supposed to be well-meaning sort of people, with plenty of sentiment but little sense. It would do some people good to have a talk with one or two of the Salvation Army leaders; it would be a revelation to them. Take for instance, Mrs. Bramwell Booth, wife of the General's eldest son. She is a lady by birth, education, tastes, and capacities. The proof of her ability and courage is to be found in the record of the Army's Rescue work, which she directs. The story of how she came to join the Salvation Army sounds like a romance. I will give a few fragments of the story, as she kindly told it to me, seated in her neat little office at the head-quarters of the Women's Social Work, 259 Mare Street, Hackney. Of somewhat fragile build, with the clearest of clear complexions, delicately colored, Mrs. Booth is the very picture of a cultured and refined lady.

Early Training.

"Born in September 1861 at Blaina, South Wales," Mrs. Booth began, "I was brought up in the country. I owe a great deal to my bringing-up. I have two sisters and a brother; I am the eldest. We were trained pretty strictly upon old-fashioned lines, and yet had plenty of freedom, enjoying all sorts of exercises, riding rough Welsh ponies, skating in the winter, and so on. We had no young companions. We lost our mother when I was ten, but her place was taken as fully as is ever possible by her sister. When I was fifteen I came to a school near the Crystal Palace, where I remained three and a half years. I liked study, and had a secret ambition to be a doctor. I was also very fond of painting, and attended the School of Art at the Palace for painting, music, etc.

"What sort of religious training had you?"

"The ordinary conventional kind. We belonged to the Church of England, but I grew up thoroughly worldly. I was passionately fond of my father, and lived to please him. As I grew older, the whole ambition of my life centred in doing so by making progress with my studies. Thoughts of God and eternity only serving to make me miserable, were banished as much as possible. A religious life I thought would be a most melancholy existence. I left off private prayer, feeling it had for me no reality. Leaving school to take up special studies, I first had a sort of 'coming out,' and was taken to the theatre and saw Irving, and went into other worldly amusements. About this time I was confirmed. Before the address was delivered (by the Bishop of Rochester), I despised myself for going through the form. It seemed such a farce; nothing was further from my intention than to give up 'the world,' and giving up 'the flesh and the devil' I did not understand."

"Evidently you had not at that time come under the influence of the Salvation Army?"

"No, I had never even heard of it; but that same week of the confirmation I caught a lady-friend reading the *Christian*, which she tried to hide from me, thus exciting my curiosity. It was an article on the Salvation Army, speaking well of the work, but criticising some of the methods, and specially objecting to these lines—

The devil and me we can't agree,—
I hate him and he hates me.

'That is the most sensible hymn I have seen for a long time,' I thought. Soon

Commissioner Coombs,

OF AUSTRALIA,

SENDS A LETTER TO HIS CANADIAN COMRADES.

MY DEAR COMRADES:

How often my mind has wandered back to you since that memorable procession when we wept our way to the Union Depot and bade each other farewell, promising to be true to God and the Army, and to each other. I have asked myself the question again and again, "Have I kept that promise; have I been true to my vows?" Thank God, I am able to put on record the answer "Yes." Oh, what satisfaction this has brought to my heart, amid the many sorrows and difficulties of the war, that I could lay my hand upon my heart and say, "Yes, I have kept faith with my comrades and my God." What answer can you give to this? I have gone to my knees again and again on your behalf during the trial and difficulty that you have had, and have prayed so earnestly that you might be kept. I remember so well the times we have pledged ourselves to the war against the devil, how we have

PRAYED, AND WEPT, AND FOUGHT, AND WON,

and felt I could stake my soul's salvation on your fidelity to your God and this great Army. I remember also how full of tenderness of soul you were and what a joy it used to be for you to sacrifice anything for the dear Lord. Is it so with you to-day?

I would like to have a "personal" with you as in the days of yore, or get near you in an officers' council that we might talk together again. This cannot be now, so I write to you. Will you give your answer to the Lord? If it is satisfactory—hallelujah! If it is not, then go down as you used to do before your God and get it put right, and then acknowledge to your comrades as you did in days gone by, and your very acknowledgment will be the means of untold blessing to them, in fact it may melt others up also. Why do my thoughts run thus? Why, only the other night I had one of those old-fashioned officers' meetings. True there were not so many of us, yet the hundred that were assembled got gloriously melted up. We finished weeping out our hearts to God, completely smashed to pieces. It was indeed one of those times such as the dear General speaks of as having "made the Army." When the officers' meetings in the old days finished, everybody was on his face before God. That is how it is that my mind went right away to Canada. Those blessed meetings of yore came back again, and the very memory of them was an inspiration to me. I was talking about saving souls that night—what else should I talk about? We were just commencing a

"THREE MONTHS' CAMPAIGN,"

starting with a month of prayer. Oh! what a theme. Do you live to get souls saved? Is your prayer, morning, noon and night, "Lord save souls!" Are all your energies bent to this end? We must have a revival the world over. What an example our dear General is setting us! I feel the influence of his mighty example here in Australia, nearly 13,000 miles away from him. Has it stirred your hearts yet?

I have read the Commandant's burning letters in your "War Cry." They have the same ring in them as the General's have, and have moved my very soul. What effect have they had upon you? Which part of your meetings are the most important? What do the efforts in your meetings tend to? I am learning more and more to make everything bend penitent-formwards. The question will come thundering through my ears and heart, "What will the harvest be?" Do you live to get souls saved, and is this your supreme delight? I remember so well years ago one of the dear officers in Canada, who had never had much salary, was visited by a Staff-Captain, and in the prayer meeting the mercy-seat was lined with scores for salvation, and with the hot scalding tears rolling down his cheeks he laid hold of the staff officer and said,

"LOOK! THERE'S MY SALARY."

Do you look for souls as the great pay for your toil? Of course, your bread and water are sure. You have the promise that no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly; but are souls the salary you are after? Two things are very necessary before you can win many souls for God:

First—You must have the clear witness that your sins are pardoned, and that you are justified by faith and have peace with God.

Secondly—You must know that you are entirely sanctified, that the witness to it is just as clear and definite as your pardon, that the remains of the carnal mind are removed, and then—

Go straight for souls, and if you go expecting them every time God will honor your faith and no power on earth or in hell can stop you. I am humbled in the dust when I remember God's dealings with me. For over two years I never led a meeting without souls for pardon or purity, and during the last three and a half years the meetings I have had without souls can be counted upon the fingers of my hands. How is this? say you? Well, all I can say is this: I have just

LAID MYSELF OUT FOR IT

night and day, and have gone forth conscious that my soul has been right and filled with deep love for souls, and have bent all my energies in that direction. I see from the reports in the Canadian "Cry," which your dear leader so kindly sends me, glorious accounts of victories won, and I know how his heart yearns for a mighty revival. Will you not lay yourselves out for it? This is the thing that will make the hardness go, and bring the people to your meetings and fill your coffers full of necessary help, and bring a mighty revival. But it must start with you. As you read this letter, open your heart before your God, prepare yourself for the coming flood of salvation which is going to sweep over the world, and see to it that you are not hindered in any way from having your share in the glorious triumph and victory.

I cannot close this letter without saying how grateful I am that the Lord has sent you the Commandant and Mrs. Booth, both of whom I love very dearly. I could not help but praise God when I read the news in the English "War Cry" that the General had decided to send them to you. I have admired very much the Commandant's great abilities, and much more his

WHOLE-SOULED DEVOTION TO THE WAR

and his tender love for his comrades of all grades, and his desperate earnestness for soul-saving; and I have read and heard with very great joy of the glorious helper God has given him in his dear wife. I am full of faith that the future before you is one of great blessing and triumph, and no one will shout a louder "hallelujah" than I, to know that the whole Dominion and Newfoundland is shaken from centre to side by the power of the Holy Ghost, and thousands are swept into the Kingdom.

I am, as ever,

Yours, in the Blood and Fire,

T. B. COOMBS,

Commissioner.

after, to their astonishment, I went with some friends to hear Mrs. Booth preach in Steinway Hall."

First Impressions of the Salvation Army.

"How were you impressed?"

"I don't remember anything of the service, except that I was pleased with Mrs. Booth's delivery, and felt that she was a lady. I was particularly struck with Miss Booth (now Mrs. Booth-Clibborn), who sat behind her mother. About my own age, she was dressed in the mission costume, and it was a puzzle to me how she could possibly look so happy, brought there by her mother, as I supposed, and made to wear such a bonnet. When she sang, the serious thoughts which the confirmation ceremony had started revived in my mind. Mrs. Booth invited us to go and see the work of the Army on its own ground the following Monday. It was the Easter Bank Holiday, and I got a cousin to take me to the meeting at Whitechapel. The hall was crowded and we were nearly suffocated. Testimonies being invited, a young servant girl said she used to be very much troubled with the fear of death, but now she was reconciled to God she knew that to her sudden death would mean sudden happiness. Her words went straight to my heart: I felt I would give everything I counted dear for such an assurance as that. I used to pray that if I had a soul, God would relieve me of it, so as to avoid the responsibility of immortality."

Conversion.

"What did you do next?"

"I was very troubled in spirit, and on the following Wednesday I went again to hear Mrs. Booth; and at that meeting I was converted. Mrs. Booth spoke of witnessing for Christ, and seemed to address her remarks directly to me. After several testimonies had been given, I felt, having been confirmed, that if I sat still I should again be passing under false pretences, and although I was with many people whom I knew, including three or four schoolfellows, I felt I must speak. So I just rose and said, 'I am not a Christian, and never realised before to-night what it means, but by God's help I intend to be one,' or something to that effect. When I got home I went to my room and prayed to God, and about two o'clock in the morning I received the assurance of salvation."

"How old were you then?"

"Nineteen. I determined to give myself fully over to the service of God. I knew that this might mean giving up my music and painting and all worldly pleasures, but I felt that would be a small price if I could realise peace of soul. Although I knew that the news would not be pleasing to my dear father, I was impressed that I must write him a full account of what had happened, saying that although I loved him as dearly as ever, God was henceforth to be first. It was a great struggle to let the letter go, and once or twice I took it back. I went home as soon as I could. My father did not understand the change in me, and we had none of our former happy intercourse. I wanted meetings for the villagers in our own house, but he would not hear of it. He thought I had completely lost my head."

Joining the Army.

Naturally I was beginning to wonder how Miss Soper (for that was her maiden name) came to be Mrs. Bramwell Booth; so I put it in this way—

"How did you become so intimately associated with the Army?"

"Before I went home I saw a notice in the *Christian* asking for a companion to go with Miss Booth to Paris. As papa had often spoken of my going abroad after school, I thought perhaps he would allow me to go. At my aunt's suggestion, I wrote to Mrs. Booth, telling her of my conversion, and saying that though I had little hope of my father's consenting, I wanted her to know that I should like to go with Miss Booth. After seeing them I went home to get my father's consent, if I could. Miss Booth was visiting Cardiff, so came to see my father, who, after an interview that lasted till about one o'clock in the morning, consented, to our intense astonishment, to my going with Miss Booth to Paris. So in January 1881, I went to Paris with Miss Booth and Miss Cox, who is now with me in the Rescue work here. I remained about two years in Paris, and it was there I met my husband. As soon as I became engaged, I returned home. My father gave his consent to the engagement, but stipulated that I should remain at home until the marriage."

"Had you taken to the Army uniform by this time?"

"Oh yes, though at first I did not wear it at home. I never cared about dress. I have found that the uniform creates opportunities, and is itself a splendid line of demarcation. From the first I wore the Army shield-brooch." I noticed that Mrs. Booth was wearing this brooch, and the uniform as a whole made a very neat and becoming and certainly not inartistic costume.

"The marriage," she continued, "took place in October 1882 at Congress Hall; my father came to the wedding, and then for the first time really saw the Salvation Army, which he has now learned to understand and appreciate."

Beginning the Rescue Work.

"How did you come to take up the Rescue work?"

"For a short time I worked with my sister, Miss Emma, amongst the cadets at the Congress Hall. In July our eldest girl was born, and I went over to Paris. While I was there, the Chief's (*i.e.* Mr. Bramwell Booth's) "attention was drawn to a work that had been going on at Whitechapel. A penitent-form sergeant, whose business it was to take the names and addresses of women who came to the penitent-form, finding many friendless girls living in places worse than no home at all, began to take them to her own home, and give them a 'shakedown" in her parlour. This good woman had helped a great many of these girls, finding situations for them when she could. The whole family restricted themselves to dry bread and water so as to be able to take two or three of these poor girls into their home at a time. As the work grew, my husband felt something ought to be done officially. The woman, who had seven children, one in arms, was moved into a larger house, which was kept open as a Salvation Army Rescue Home. When I came back from Paris, the Chief told me of this, and, to my intense astonishment, said, 'I think you had better go and superintend.' My breath was taken away; I knew literally nothing about the work, and felt that I was utterly unsuited to it; I had not even thought of the necessity of a Rescue Home. When my husband partly explained, and told me how many hundreds of these poor girls there are, I could not understand how a woman could possibly live in such a manner. But I had been sufficiently long in the Army not to think of questioning anything that was arranged. I did not even tell my husband how I felt at his proposal, but went down the next day to see the house, which was in Hanbury Street, where some of the Whitechapel murders were committed. As I turned the corner a potato was thrown at me from the greengrocer's, and I wondered whether they would waste one on me every morning. I made myself acquainted with all details of the work, and learnt to know every girl who came in, and tried to become her personal friend. I went to Hanbury Street nearly every day, and had to deal with some of the most desperate people. We were there from May 1884 to August 1885. We then moved to Navarino Road, where we took three houses, and added a fourth as a receiving house in the Graham Road. The work grew tremendously, and we were terribly cramped. At Christmas-time 1889 we had a month's notice to quit the three houses where I then had seventy or eighty people under my charge. By the end of the month our head-quarters had secured for us three splendid houses, which accommodated from thirty to thirty-five girls each."

Are the Results Encouraging?

"Are you encouraged by the results of your Rescue work?"

"I am thoroughly encouraged. I know no branch of Christian work that is more encouraging. The trophies are so splendid. Not only are the girls rescued themselves, but an immense source of evil is thus removed. We have had some most abandoned cases. One of our earliest cases was a girl who seemed to have been sold to a baby-farmer by some fairly well-to-do people. The woman was undergoing a long sentence for baby-farming, and the man kept the girl at home. She was a big girl, and at our first interview glared at me so that I felt a little frightened. I took hold of her hand and began to talk to her about religion. When I mentioned Jesus Christ, she said, 'Please I never 'eerd o' that gen-'leman afore.' She had never heard God's name except in blasphemy! We took her into the Home, and tamed her as we would a wild animal, trying to teach her cleanliness, honesty, truthfulness, etc. We got her a place in a coffee-shop in Whitechapel. When she came to see me, she was so proud of the print dress and apron she wore, and said it was such a lovely place, and they had such lovely things. Putting her hand in her pocket, she said, 'I brought these 'ere, 'cos I thought you'd like 'em.' She produced two common white metal spoons, and, though I appreciated her kind feeling towards myself, I had to give her a lesson about *thine* and *mine*. In her next situation she learned to read and write. The man who had had charge of her began to trouble her as soon as he found she getting on. Once he got hold of her and locked her up in a room, but she managed to escape through a window and over a wall. We thought it best to send her to the United States, and she is now doing splendidly, and can write a decent letter. We have had hundreds of girls of that kind."

"There are Some Disappointments."

"There must be some disappointments?"

"We have some disappointments. But some of our very disappointments have been our greatest encouragements. I am now thinking of a girl whom we got hold of at Whitechapel. When she came to us she said she was sixteen, but she was actually thirteen. A terrible-looking girl—the police told us she was a confirmed drunkard, and the only daughter of a drunkard. She ran away from home at the age of six, and as soon as she could toddle was sent to fetch drink, and learnt to sip raw whisky and brandy. When she was between eight and nine she was taken up as a vagrant, and the magistrate, in view of her youth, said she must promise to keep the peace and go home, or have a month. The child spoke up in the dock and said, 'I will take a month, please, sir, but I won't go home.' We had her for a few months, and then got her a situation at a shilling a week, but before the week was over she had disappeared. When next we heard of her, she was in prison for taking money out of a till. On coming out, she went through a tremendous round of desperate living. She took special pleasure in annoying Salvation Army processions, and, going to Bristol, broke all the windows in our barracks there. She went on to Cardiff, and after lying out in the street drunk all night, went into our seven-o'clock prayer-meeting. The officer spoke to her, took her home to dinner, and she went into the Cardiff Rescue Home. At first she gave a wrong name, fearing we should hear of her in London and would have nothing more to do with her; but when she was really converted she confessed all. We got her a situation as general servant, which she held for eighteen months, her mistress saying she never had such a good servant. The girl's heart was set on helping other people, and about twelve months ago I consented to her becoming an orderly in our Women's Shelter, where her chief work is scrubbing, and all she gets is half-a-crown a week, out of which she has to buy her clothes. That is the way some of our disappointments turn out. We never give up a girl, and never reckon to have finished with them, whether good or bad. After seven years' work, there are now thirteen homes (six of which are located in the provinces), through which have passed 8,600 girls and women, 3,761 of whom have been sent out into the world in a fit position to earn their own living, either by service or some respectable trade, as well as 1,467 who have been restored to their friends. I think the great discouragement in this work comes from doing it in the wrong way. It is not of the least use to reform circumstances before you have got hold of the heart."

"Sanctified Human Love is the One Power which avails."

"Don't you think a great mistake is made in Rescue work when girls who have been used to a 'gay' and varied life all at once plunged into the dull and monotonous existence of a general servant, or the drudgery of endless 'washing,' or 'cleaning,' or something of that kind?"

"I think a Rescue Home ought to be a gradual breaking-in. It must not be like the ordinary penitentiary, which is like wrapping a baby up in swaddling clothes and then suddenly putting it down expecting it to walk. I remember the first time I went over a penitentiary. I hardly knew which distressed me more—the sin and misery of the girls, or the way they were treated. They get a terrible view of religion and goodness in such a place, where they are shut in by high walls and ground-glass windows, and kept washing all day, superintended by matrons who are merely earning their living, and have no sympathy or love towards them. There is no real intercourse, they are never permitted to walk out alone, and never see a man; then suddenly they are put into a situation with plenty of freedom. How can they be expected to keep straight? It would hardly be safe to treat even an innocent girl in that way. From the very beginning, from my first few interviews with poor fallen girls, I fell in love with them, and all through the eight years during which I have lived with them, I have felt my heart specially drawn out to every one, and have been able to prove that sanctified human love is the one power which avails to lift up these most helpless and friendless of our fellow-creatures."

"Do you consider that the public ministry in which so many women in the Salvation Army engage is any hindrance to home life?"

Public Ministry and Home Life.

"Certainly it need not be. Take my own case, for instance. I have five children, the eldest of whom is only ten, and a home to look after; and, our means being very small, all the children's clothes are made at home, and I give the children their lessons. I come from New Barnet to the office nearly every day but Saturday, usually returning about five or six in the evening, and have one or two public meetings in the week. It means very hard work, but people can work all their waking hours if they have variation; so the household work and the children I reckon as a kind of recreation." Mrs. Booth has been a vegetarian for eight years, and has brought up her family on a vegetarian diet.

"Suppose some reader of THE YOUNG WOMAN, becoming interested in the social service amongst the poor and unhappy, wishes to undertake some definite practical work—how could you make use of such a helper?"

"We certainly could give her plenty to do. In personal assistance we could only use converted people who worked for the love of God. I think that is essential in Rescue work. But they need not necessarily join the Salvation Army. If they were anywhere near, we should be very glad of their assistance—visiting, writing, etc. It is an immense pity that so many young women with talents and the wish to be useful should be put to useless needle-work or fancy-work. It seems to me that the rich are frightfully guilty in regard to these poor girls. There are many things we want, but we cannot go into debt. We could use any amount of clothing, old or new. Many girls whose time hangs heavily on their hands could make and collect things and send them to us. We have some interesting cases of respectable girls who come into Maternity Homes and have to go out to situations and support a child. In such cases, clothing of all kinds, especially children's clothing, is a great boon to these poor mothers."

"Can you tell me anything about the condition of young women in the East End of London—factory girls, for instance?"

The Condition of the East End Factory Girls.

The condition of the factory girls is very sad, and from their ranks are recruited many who sink into vice. A factory girl, as a rule, has a very wretched home, and rarely earns enough to support herself when living alone. We have a bookfolding factory and a knitting factory in connection with our Rescue work, in which girls who don't go to service earn their living. The bulk of women employed at the bookfolding earn on an average from five to seven shillings a week; that is a great help at home, but a girl dependent on her own resources requires fourteen or fifteen shillings a week. We have started a lodging house, and charge eight shillings a week for board and lodging. With very careful management, we manage to pay our way, with two officers to live in the house as superintendents. We have about twenty girls as lodgers, and the officers are responsible for their spiritual welfare. We manage to make ends meet: that's pretty good management, isn't it?" said Mrs. Booth brightly. I afterwards visited the knitting factory, and saw the girls working at the machines. They have just begun to make the soldiers' jerseys, which is an advantage all round.

Regarding the social condition of East London, I asked Mrs. Booth if she considered the outlook hopeful. After some hesitation she replied, "I hardly know. Certainly, a great deal wants doing—a great deal more practical work. We do not think anything is of any use unless it works a radical reform in the people. The only chance of permanent success is to aim straight for that."

"Are all those you rescue converted?"

"The bulk of them become truly converted, though not all. But, of the desperate characters, I cannot recall one case of real reform without conversion. Some few keep on doing well without professing to be converted, but they are very exceptional."

ALBERT DAWSON.

CATHERINE, aged 10. MARY, aged 8. MIRIAM, aged 6.
Mrs Bramwell Booth's Daughters.

A Reason for Open-Air Preaching.

BY A CLERGYMAN.

I dare say, my dear friends, that there may be many here before me who are asking themselves how all this has come to pass—how it comes to pass that I am here to speak to you in this quiet way on this summer's evening. I will tell you how it is. You have all heard of the great imposter who thought himself, and who tried to make other people think, that he was a prophet. I

Allude to Mahomet.

Some of you, perhaps, know that those of his followers, who were not ready to believe that he was a prophet, told him that if he expected them to admit his claim he must work a miracle. And so he said he would. He said he would effect a meeting between himself and a great mountain at some distance, and they all thought that if he could do that, he would have established his claim. So he sent a messenger to the mountain commanding it to come to him, but it did not move. However, he said he was not to be baffled in working his miracle, so he said that,

"If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the mountain."

Now, my dear friends, I am afraid this is what has brought me here to-night. The church bells ring out their invitation every Sabbath day, calling you to come forth and hear the Word of God. Every man and every woman in all this district knows how thankful we are to see them in the house of prayer. But still the painful fact remains that a very large number—I fear I may say the greatest number—of men, fathers, and heads of families, do not find their way up to the church or chapel where the Word of God is preached. Therefore, it is because you will not come to us that we come to you to-night to bring this glorious message that we are charged with, to all kinds of people, rich and poor, old and young, the glorious message which Jesus Christ spake in the words of my text, "*They that are whole have no need of the Physician, but they that are sick.*"

WANTED!

Car Tickets for the League of Mercy.

As the distances to the various Hospitals, Prisons and Public Institutions are considerable, I am very anxious to receive some Car Tickets for the use of those sisters of the League of Mercy, who have but limited personal means, to enable them to attend to their noble duties without too great a tax upon their home expenses. Car Tickets, or money for the same, will be most gratefully received. Yours seeking the lost,

CORNELIE BOOTH.

Fifteen thousand people attend our meetings in Chicago weekly.

The circulation of the New Zealand *Cry* is over 19,000 per week.

There are in London, England, 114 corps and some 16,000 soldiers.

The London, England, *Cry* is aiming at a circulation of 300,000 weekly.

A person who can enjoy a circus performance would feel strange in heaven.

For dairy purposes the Salvation Army dairy farm in England has 100 cows.

Two hundred souls have just been saved in France and Switzerland within a fortnight.

Tasmania has twenty-one corps, and twenty-four outposts, officered by forty-five officers.

At the bakery at the Farm Colony in England, 527 lbs. of flour are converted into bread daily.

A magistrate, lawyer and merchant recently knelt at a Salvation Army penitent-form in Australia.

The Farm Colony in England has erected a large bridge, one mile of railroad and three miles of tramway.

Colonel Lawley, Majors Condy and Gover were converted under Colonel Dowdle when he was Captain.

The cashier at the London, England, Lighthouse is a Social Wing convert, and has been saved nineteen months.

Australia's Training Home appeal for £1,500 was successful in spite of the great financial depression in the country.

There are 1,330 shop-keepers in London, England, and 1,100 in the provinces who retail the Darkest England matches.

Men with red noses should serve as signals to the young to warn them of impending dangers that lie on their track.

Our London Trade Headquarters permanently employs 350 men and women. Ten years ago there were not thirty-five.

The Butcher's Department at the Farm Colony is in a healthy and prosperous condition. They kill two bullocks per week.

The Stockholm Headquarters is starting to do its own engraving and zinc work, and has fitted up a workshop in the Temple for it.

Colonel Sowton made an appeal some time ago for $5,000 for the Denmark Social Work. He has been successful in obtaining it.

A picture representing the interior of a Salvation Army Slum barracks has recently been purchased for the National Gallery, Melbourne.

It is estimated that in the city of New York there are 11,000 tramps, 14,000 lost women, and 60,000 people without permanent homes.

The wife of the employer of one of our soldiers said she never heard his testimony, but his life on and about the place "was sufficient for her."

In one of the English Shelters is a man who was once an American solicitor, but who gradually fell; he now collects waste paper in a barrow, all over the city.

Major Lagercrantz, Chief Secretary for Sweden, has just been promoted to the rank of Colonel on the occasion of the General's visit to that country.

A poor family in South Africa was recently given a *War Cry*. They read it, attended their first Army meeting, and three of them got saved that night.

Commissioner Coombs' photo takes up the frontispiece of the Australian *Cry* just to hand, and is lifelike in the extreme. A report of his victorious meetings in South Melbourne and several other places in that vicinity accompanies the same.

STONEY CREEK BRIDGE.

GAZETTE.

MARRIED—

Captain Harry Walker, who came out of Simcoe, November 25th, 1889, and stationed at Chesterville, Ontario, to *Captain Beckie Bloss*, who came out of Whitby, July 16th, 1887, and was last stationed at Deseronto, Ontario, at Whitby, by Brigadier Scott.

At St. Johns, on Wednesday, July 12th, by Brigadier Jacobs, *Captain Fred Facey*, who came out of St. Johns I., and was last stationed at Little Bay, to *Lieutenant Bartlett*, who came out of Bay Roberts, and was last stationed at Seal Cove, Newfoundland.

At Bay Roberts, on Wednesday, July 12th, by Brigadier C. T. Jacobs, *Captain James Bowering*, who came out of Bay Roberts, and was last stationed at Twillingate, Newfoundland, to *Captain S. Bishop*, who came out of Bay Roberts, and was last stationed at Little Bay, Newfoundland.

HERBERT H. BOOTH,
Commandant.

Territorial Headquarters,
Toronto, Ont.

CAMP MEETINGS.

East Ontario Province.

Corbett's Point and Bowmanville have had their turn. We now come to

COBOURG.

SATURDAY, July 29—Hosannah Meeting.
SUNDAY, July 30—Prevailing Prayer; 11 a.m., Full Salvation; 3 p.m., Old Time Religion; 7 p.m., "New."
MONDAY, July 31—3 p.m., Holiness Meeting; 7.30 p.m., Fare ye well.

The next Corps to be visited will be.........

EVERYBODY PRAY.

St. Catharines Visited.

THE STAFF BAND BOBS UP SERENELY.

A Rousing Time!

Once more on the war path! This time we are bound for St. Catharines. Quite a commotion on the wharf—as we take the steamer—and many were the enquiries as to what move was on the board. A big crowd was there—mainly pleasure-seekers—but inwardly we rejoiced, that at any rate, a few were about their Master's business, and no opportunity was lost to drop a word in season, and we believe our presence there, both with music and testimony, helped many to see that there was to be had in Christ

A Deeper and More Lasting Pleasure

than the flitting things of time could afford.

Ensign Turner was on hand to give us a real Army welcome, and we soon found ourselves seated around the hospitable table of our host, whose kindnesses will ever be remembered.

Our Saturday night meeting was one of interest. The march was a regular rouser—and everybody seemed to look as if something unusual was on.

A good crowd inside, and the truth was placed before them, without any reserve or apology, and we believe found its way home to many consciences. Not content with just an ordinary meeting, a short council of war decided we should despatch the home band to

Locate the Enemy

in the open-air, and hold on, while the visitors finished the inside meeting. This was done. Having closed down, we filed off to find Ensign Turner and his band boys holding forth to quite a crowd. Our advent caused quite a commotion, and some "heavy firing" sent many to their homes to ponder over the truths they had heard. We confidently look forward to direct results from that meeting at the Judgment Bar.

What shall we say of Sunday? (The apparition of the Editorial scissors appears before me. Be brief, my brother, be brief. So let it be.)

The forces rallied up in fine style for knee-drill, and that march after was calculated "to awaken up the dead." Staff-Captain Friedrich's talk on holiness was bright and lucid, and helpful to us all.

Our rally in the park in the afternoon was distinctly successful. Something like seven to eight hundred souls gathered around, and for nearly two hours we kept up a raking fire upon the citadels of sin. We can say the very best use was made of this opportunity to face the crowd with eternal truths as revealed by the Holy Ghost.

Our night's meeting was one of those gatherings where the crowd seem to

Hang in the Balance of Indecision,

and at the close we found many deeply wounded and sincerely aroused in their souls, but had to leave them undecided.

We left Monday morning feeling that our visit had been one that would tell in the eternal morning, when the result of all meetings will be tried by that test which shall prove the realness of our works.

That ominous sound, "copy," rings out. I must pull up. Adieu. G. L. P.

HELLO! HELLO!

The Great

HARVEST THANKSGIVING EXHIBITION.

The following are the dates for the Harvest Festivals. For full particulars and details see next CRY, and in the meantime let everyone set to work to make the thing a gigantic success.

The dates for the Harvest Festivals in British Columbia and Alberta are Saturday, Sunday and Monday, August 26th, 27th, and 28th.

The dates for East and West Ontario, and Eastern Province, including Newfoundland, are Saturday, Sunday and Monday, September 2nd, 3rd, and 4th.

The dates for the Exhibition in Toronto are Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, September, 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th.

These are the dates finally fixed by the Commandant.

— HOW — WE WELCOMED THE THE COMMANDANT Back From the North-West!

TORONTO SALVATIONISTS ALL ALIVE.

Magnificent Outbursts of Salvation and Glory.

A REAL ROUSING RECEPTION.

Anyone passing the Temple lately would have noticed quite a display of flags and banners hung outside, as well as a large motto reaching almost the whole length of it. This motto explained the whole thing. No one could remain in doubt as to the reason for this display after reading that. So it was,

"Toronto Garrisons Unite in Giving You a Hearty Welcome."

To say we were all glad to see him is putting it rather mild, the fact is,

We were Delighted,

and put forth every effort to show it. It was arranged to have a welcome tea, to be attended by all the Headquarters and Toronto officers, the League of Mercy sisters, and the Sergeant-Major of each corps. Half-past four Thursday afternoon, July 20th, found us all gathered at the banqueting room. The arrival of the Commandant and Mrs. Booth was the signal for a thorough Salvation Army volley, the Commandant's happy, smiling face betokening the joy he felt in his heart.

A happy time was spent partaking of the good things set before us, after which a sort of what-has-been-done meeting took place, Brigadier Scott giving out the first song. Then the Commandant prayed with us, thanking God for His goodness to us all during the last five weeks, and praying that our communion with each other might be,

Above all Things, Spiritual.

We had had a good deal of weeding-out, and he would be disappointed, and, we thought, so would God, if there sprang not up some beautiful flowers. After his prayer, the Commandant rose to speak to us, and for about three-quarters of an hour he treated us to a beautiful account of his journey, its successes, its difficulties, its results, and its prospects. In spite of the fact that this was the worst time of the year for getting crowds together, on account of the crops and the heat, they had taken the largest buildings available, and immense crowds had attended. Altogether fifty-six meetings had been held, one great feature being the soldiers' meetings. For the size of the North-Western corps, the Commandant said they would

Hold their Own

against any other country. The crippling influence of suspicion and misunderstanding had arrived at Winnipeg when the Commandant got there, but a glorious revival and outpouring of salvation killed it, and twenty-six souls came publicly forward on the Sunday night. (Volleys.)

Here the Commandant unfolded a scheme in connection with our Harvest Festival, really a magnificent hit, and of which our readers will hear more. Let us say here that we expect a carload of grain, several steers, and a host of canned salmon at our Festival in Toronto. Hallelujah!

Speaking of the Rockies our beloved leader said that his whole soul went out to God, and he never felt so safe as he did then, feeling he was in the hands of a mighty Omnipotent God.

Two events that have cheered the hearts of our North-West comrades have been the securing of a barracks for Nanaimo, and the purchase (almost completed) of some land in Winnipeg, on which a large Temple is to be built.

To show the blessed unity and fidelity that characterizes our comrades in the North-West, the Commandant said that on his return trip, at every station where there was a corps the officers and soldiers turned out,

Sometimes at Mid-night,

and met the Commandant, when a short meeting would be held. It is impossible to express in words the real motive that caused this. It is beyond expression.

Burning words of exhortation to be unselfish fell from our leader's lips at this point; words that seemed to eat right to the innermost heart. This was followed by a lesson on faith—"Having the shield of faith whereby we can quench the fiery darts of the enemy." Something to ponder over was this, and to be carried out in our daily lives. The Commandant came back to us with his spiritual appetite whetted, and intended to put in some of the most hard-working times he had ever partaken of. He spoke for Mrs. Booth as well as himself when he said that

We Could Reckon on Them

to spend themselves for us and the war. God bless them both. We admire their zeal and the practical appliance of it, and trust they will long be spared to lead us on to victory.

Brigadier de Barritt was asked to speak to us a little. He assured the Commandant of our love and devotion; and, speaking of our difficulties, said he did not, in a sense, regret them, for they were (1) essential in order to prove who were soldiers and who were not, and (2) we had come out all the brighter and better. Hallelujah. He referred to the

Large Increase in Our Soldiers' Roll

lately, the wonderful open-air scenes, and the healthy outlook altogether, and felt confident that we were on the eve of great things.

Brigadier Scott followed, and started by telling us he was well saved, and that from Quebec to Whitby his officers were

A True, Loyal, Hard-Working Band.

Already, eight Circle corps were in operation, and six were being formed. They owned four horses, and they were real horses. The open-air work was another great feature. Only last Sunday, at Ottawa, they stood for one hour and a-half, and got $3 collection. A man got convicted in the open-air and knelt at the drum, but could not get through. He came to the barracks, and again failed. He left, and knelt on a door-step, but to no purpose. Finally, he got down on the grass and got salvation, and has since testified to it. (Volleys.) An advance on the Thousand Islands was being contemplated, and camp meetings were being arranged for many corps. The whole Province is bent on victory.

We got on our knees at this juncture.

"His blood can make the vilest clean,"

came from every heart. Staff-Captain Fisher prayed with us, after which the Commandant closed with prayer; and thus ended one of the best gatherings ever held in Toronto. G. A.

The Reception Outside the Temple.

After tea we all formed up for a march, band to the front, and Red Maria at the rear. We stopped at several street corners and announced in loud voices what was going to happen, besides pressing home salvation. All along the route officers were shouting out the news that the Commandant had arrived, and that we were going to give him a royal welcome at the Temple, the driver of the Red Maria, as well as Daddy Florence, making themselves conspicuous by their original methods of advertising. Arriving at the Temple, we found a great crowd of friends already gathered around the temporary platform, and these, joined by the march, made quite a concourse of people. The arrival of the Commandant on the platform caused a

Very Long-Drawn Volley

to rend the air, after which Brigadier de Barritt read a welcome address, containing an account of what had been done during the last five weeks. Altogether over 14,700 meals had been supplied from the Shelters, and nearly 7,500 beds had been occupied during the five weeks.

Open-air fighting had been another great feature, the soldiers' roll had increased, and many souls had been saved. This welcome address was signed by all Headquarters' officers and many of the Toronto Province.

The Commandant replied in gratitude for the reception we had given him. His talk to us was full of interest. The wonderful salvation scenes he had witnessed, the

True, Loyal, Devotedness of the Officers and Soldiers,

his marvellous escape in that railway accident, his opinion of the vast resources of the great North-West and his determination to spend his life in serving us, were all mentioned and heartily applauded by the great crowd standing round.

We closed by prayer, and hastened inside.

"Commandant, We Are Right Glad to See You."

"Right glad to see you," were the words of welcome on the long white motto stretched across the gallery; and "Right glad to see you," echoed many a heart as the Commandant and Mrs. Booth stood once again on the Temple platform. Then there arose such a clapping and a cheering, such a beating of the drum, and a banging of the tambourine that some people wondered whatever was going to happen!

"A red-hot salvation meeting," the Commandant earnestly prayed it might be, and called on the soldiers to gather closely together, that all might catch the fire, and a

"Spontaneous Combustion"

would result in souls being saved.

"Oh! you must be a lover of the Lord." "The Lord is not going to have any folks in heaven who don't love Him. Oh, no! Only those who have shown their love by doing their best to push the Kingdom.

"Love is the highway to heaven. You may have a devilish, nasty, bad habit, or temper, or self-will, but love will cause it all to disappear. Love will cure it all.

"Now every one of you get right down on your knees," continued the Commandant. Softly the hallelujah piano responded whilst we sang

"His blood can make the foulest clean."

There seemed to be but one heart-throb through the rhythm of the whole. More prayer, and more singing followed.

"Now a sister," suggested our leader. Two sisters fired away at once. "Bless God!" said the brothers.

Mother Florence—(without her crutches at last)—pleaded for the blessing of the Lord upon the Commandant—that he might "drive the foe before Him."

The Commandant volunteered to sing a chorus he had heard in the North-West. So whilst the collection was being taken up, and the silver chinked into the tambourines, the audience "pricked up their ears for a new tune."

"Hide away," soloed he, and "Hide away" struck in the platform, whilst everybody did their best to tug the well-known song away from the poor old drum. "Get your baggage"—not *luggage*, that's what they say in England—"on deck; don't forget to get your check," &c., &c.

Ensign Williams, of the Children's Shelter, soloed how she would

"Never get disheartened any more."

"Many, many years ago," said the General's youngest son, "we used to sing,

"'Oh, I'm happy all the day
Since the devil ran away,
And I never want to see him any more.'

"We sang it at the 'Penny-Gaff' whilst sinners were coming to the Cross."

Brigadier Scott, smiling as usual, remarked that the chorus about never wanting to see the devil any more, reminded him of a little girl who was overheard to pray for the devil. "Why do you pray such a strange prayer?" asked her mother. "Oh," answered the child, "everyone is so down on the devil."

"Hallelujah!" said Shouting Jimmy.

Brigadier did not believe in shaking hands with the devil in any way whatsoever; he believed in working heart and soul for the kingdom of Christ alone. The Lord is not going to hand crowns around to every Tom, Dick and Harry unless they work for them. Crowns in heaven are worth fighting for.

Not so very long ago a young man in India offered himself as a burnt offering to his god. He believed in his religion to that extent. Christian professors accept the Bible, but they hang back from a life of self-denial, unlike the poor heathen. What wonder they should have such a

Wishy-Washy, Milk-and-Water Experience!

Saved one day and down in the dumps the next. Sometimes one may see on a freight car the words, "I am full of Massey's machinery. Rush me along. Farmers are waiting." Oh, that we could say, "I am full of the Spirit of Calvary. Rush me along. Sinners are waiting."

Mrs. de Barritt was so glad to have a religion she could recommend. It was good when first she knelt at the foot of the Cross, and it was getting better and better all the time.

Her little girl at home had a way of running through the house calling, "Where are you, mamma, where are you?" and if she could not find her she would burst into tears.

Oh, to be able to say, when God should call, "Where are you?" "Here I am!" and to bid good-bye to earth and fly away to Jesus.

Backslider, where are you? God knows. Far from light and peace and rest. But you need not be.

Sinner, where are you? Why don't you come to Jesus? Are you waiting for feeling?

Sinner, don't miss your place in Heaven!

Near the close of the meeting, our dear Mrs. Booth arose to bless our souls once more with a song; and the words of the chorus rang in our ears over and over long after her voice ceased. She stood amongst the scarlet geraniums, and rich green foliage on the platform.

"Let us try and be a blessing, while the hours are stealing by,"

she sang, whilst the melody of the piano answered "Amen," with the chorus "Grace there is my every debt to pay."

"Every worker for the Master has a welcome and a place." Oh, to make the world as much like Heaven as we can!—to bring Heavenly purity down. So Heaven may begin down here.

The great characteristic of Heaven is righteousness. There will be no spite, or hatred, or malice there. Oh let us make Toronto like Heaven! Let us bring it down. We can. In our workshops, in our homes—wherever we may be—we can make the world around us better by the good that we can do.

Oh, if anyone who hears this song is living a selfish life, may it ring in his ears until he is obliged to seek a clean heart. Let us try and be a blessing. Amen.

It was growing late, and the Commandant was anxious to go at once into the prayer meeting. "You know what you ought to do," he urged the sinners. No soul is launched without being equipped with sufficient machinery to get it safely to Heaven. The voice of God within points out the way. What each man has to do is to answer and obey—to follow the light already given.

Praise God, at the penitent-form someone did answer.

The prayer meeting was a startler. Every soldier and officer was brought to the front and prayers followed each other in quick succession.

Sometimes Two, Sometimes Three,

were praying at the same time, whilst everyone else took hold in fine style. The Kingdom of Heaven was taken by force that night, anyway. The one capture was by no means the only result of that meeting. A testimony meeting was held, and several stood to their feet, amongst others, "Shouting Jimmy." Everybody felt happy, and drank in a few words of exhortation from the Commandant, which followed. 'Twas a late hour when we closed, and most all of us felt tired, yet rejoiced over the glorious outburst of salvation that had come upon us; and inwardly thanked God that once more the Commandant was with us to to lead us on to victory. F. K.

Five hundred souls came forward in connection with the General's visit to Stockholm. We quote the following from the English *Cry*:—

"The results beat the record. The blessings received were beyond measure. Everybody was eager to get a blessing. For enthusiasm and life the Congress was extraordinary. There was an utter absence of any expression of discontent or dissatisfaction. The unity of spirit prevailed."

When the Bible Society's agent at Constantinople issued a Turkish translation of St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, the authorities imprisoned the seller, thinking that the Galatians were the people of the well-known suburb of Galata. When the chief of the police was appealed to, he declared he would release the man only on the production of a certificate of the death of St. Paul!

Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth have arrived safely in England. We copy the following from the latest New York *Cry*:

Four thousand persons gave Niagara welcome to Commander and Mrs. Ballington last night (Monday, July 10), bursting forth with prolonged roars of welcome with brass instruments, drums, voices and hearts uniting in Congress reunion; International Staff present, Commissioner Howard and Commissioner Eva Booth representing British forces; intense interest and enthusiasm; America greeted with love and loyalty; beautiful family welcome Hadley Wood Saturday; expectation high for anniversary demonstration led by the General in Exeter Hall Thursday.

FOREIGN SECRETARY.

ONTARIO PROVINCE WEST

BRIGADIER HOLLAND

STRATHROY DISTRICT.

Saturday night, June 24th, at Watford. Had a splendid open-air, though the crowd was much scattered. The inside meeting was poorly attended; nothing worthy of note happened. Oh, yes, by-the-bye, the War Cry Sergeant came out with her bonnet on for the first time in a long while, if not the first of all. God bless her! Good material in Watford, and I believe the day is not far distant when every soldier will see their responsibility and step up to it. Evangelists Crossley and Hunter are here now, and a good revival is going on; all churches are united to get souls saved. Unity is strength, practice it after they're gone, soldiers and Christians, and the revival shall stay with you. Amen!

At Knee-drill. Who were there? Ensign and Captain. Where were the rest? Ask those who should have been there. Don't think anyone in Watford can send a photo to the War Cry for having not missed one knee-drill. Soldiers, soldiers, I mean you, therefore, to attend knee-drill regular, and then you shall prove what is that good and acceptable blessing and appetite that comes early in the morning.

Drove out to Lutorville for the afternoon and night meeting, which were held in the log Methodist church. A splendid crowd attended both meetings, and a good time we had, but no souls. This place has in its neighborhood a great many people who claim they do not belong to any sect or church, except the church of Christ; but some of them have so little of the Spirit of Christ that they do not even bow their heads to pray in time of prayer, but they can take notes for argument, and I don't wonder that some of them cannot say they are converted. They also take a delight in consigning everyone to the bottomless pit who does not believe as they do. Jesus said, "There are some which are of the fold which He would gather in, and they should come from all over to sit in His kingdom." If they would only seek after the Spirit as earnestly as they seek in the letter what powers they would be for good! The letter killeth, the Spirit giveth life. Thank God the Salvation Army has the Spirit as well as the letter.

We were at Parkhill on Wednesday night, accompanied by Mrs. Case, and had a fair crowd considering the average attendance, and a good meeting. We had barely given the invitation to seek pardon when up jumped one young woman and rushed to the penitent form. She said to me, "Oh, my, I never felt like this before! This is the first time I have ever been in an Army meeting, and, oh, I do want to be a Christian!" And, praise God, she did get converted, no doubt about it.

Thursday Night at Thedford we commissioned a Treasurer, Secretary and seven Sergeants. Had a splendid meeting, deep conviction, but no souls. Sold over 295 worth of uniform. A good work is going on in this place, and the corps is in splendid spiritual condition. No trouble to have a good meeting and crowd here. Hope they will continue.

Mount Brydges was Bombarded by the Salvation Army on Sunday, July 2nd. No announcements were made. We simply went, and took the place in the name of our King. A good crowd greeted us at both meetings and listened with rapt attention to the burning words of truth as it poured from our lips. The Army has some friends in Mount Brydges, and we are thankful for big times. No one was converted yesterday, but conviction was stamped on many faces.

Adjutant Miller held on at Strathroy yesterday. He reports good meetings, one forward, but small crowds. We are still praying and believing for that revival. The devil is here in big shape. Captain Pedlar is getting some of his dupes in a corner, and then look out, someone will be — Wo-unite the scribes, pharisees and hypocrites.

Wardsville is Without Officers, and has been for some time, but the Sergeant-Major, with the soldiers, has bravely held the fort. We have some soldiers here of the right stamp. There is one young woman (Sister Fry) who walks eight miles every Sunday to meetings, and she walks it last night after a hard day's work. Another young man who was enrolled also came a long distance; he will be a useful addition to our ranks if he keeps good. And another young man who also walked eight miles said there was no Army in Alvaston, so the people say, and never will be one; but he says there is as long as he is there. He is going to be true to the Army till he dies. He is full of joy at the hope he has in the Circle Corps reaching Alvaston. Truly the harvest is great but the officers are few. Oh, Lord, torment the officers once more who ought to be in the field! About ten is wanted in Strathroy District.

ENSIGN ARTHUR CASE.

Guelph District Siftings.

Sinners Sat Spell-bound.

Hurrah for Visitation.—Capt. Cockrill of Galt visited Guelph Saturday last week. That sort of push is bound to make things go.

Last Saturday Night we received over $3.00 collection on our flag in the Open-Air.

The Rev. Mr. Harris was on our platform on Sunday night and gave a cheering address to the Soldiers, and also pleaded with the sinners to seek salvation.

Rev. Mr. Huff stopped me on the street this morning and asking me to understand he was my brother and one with the Salvation Army for the salvation of souls.

Monday last Capt. Lewis and Lieut. Peacock renewed a bond from one of the soldiers and went down the river Speed to bathe. They got their bath sooner than they expected; they had just nicely reached the middle of the river when the boat capsized. Captain Lewis swam for the shore while Lieut. Peacock swamped to the boat. The men saw a line full of wet clothes in one of the soldier's yard near the river.

One of our soldiers, who is a farmer, wears his red guernsey when at work as well as to the meetings.

Things are moving on nicely here. Our work is grand, particularly in the open-air. We had a wonderful time last night, many were under deep conviction; after pleading for some time no one came, so we closed the meeting; but no one offered to leave. Sinners at spell-bound under the power of God; at last one burst into tears,and rushed to the front. A rousing prayer meeting was started and soon another sinner was found at the form crying for pardon. Both received what they came for; we believe this is only the droppings of a grand revival. Ensign G. MILES.

SEAFORTH DISTRICT.

The Shepherd Visits Part of His Flock, and Reports Thereon.

Some few weeks have passed since you have heard from my little corner of the Lord's vineyard, and I thought perhaps a line or two from me might help to cheer you along the way.

I left my home on Saturday, June 25th *en route* for Bayfield, accompanied by Captain Davidson, Sergeant Brownlee and wife. We arrived at Bayfield about 5 p.m., after a pleasant drive of sixteen miles. We have something to strengthen and refresh the inner man, and then make our way to the barracks, where we had a good, old-fashioned free and easy. On Sunday, we held our meetings in an orchard, and we had a grand time, everyone seemed to be filled with the Spirit.

I tell you, Mr. Editor, Bayfield soldiers are neither dead nor dying, nor suffering from spiritual consumption. Hallelujah! Well, we stayed at Bayfield until Thursday, then we returned to Goderich and met Brigadier Holland, who led a special meeting that night, returning to Bayfield on the Friday for the wind-up of a week's special meetings. On Saturday, July 1st, Brigadier, a number of the Bayfield comrades, and myself, drove to Goderich, a distance of about twelve miles. We had a most enjoyable time as we drove past the beautiful fields of grain, and drank in the fresh, balmy air, and enjoyed first one sight and then another of the beauties of nature. Our hearts swelled in gratitude to God, and our voices rent the air with hallelujah's and songs of praise to the God of our salvation.

Just before we entered Goderich, Brigadier led a nice little testimony meeting in the rig. Arriving at Goderich, we had a wash, brushed, and then led a devil and his or proper Salvation Army march around the town which was thronged with pleasure seekers from all parts. At 2.30, Brigadier led out in air on the square, which was largely attended, the Wingham brass band furnishing us with music at 6 o'clock p.m. A most beautiful spread was made at the barracks, which did credit to the lady friends of the Salvation Army at Goderich.

The banquet was nicely attended—a perfect success—realising the neat little sum of $59, with which Captain Wiggins was enabled to pay off the debt which for some time had stared him in the face.

Sunday meetings good all day. At 11 o'clock a.m., open-air and sought cleansing through the crimson flow; and, at the night meeting, another wanderer sought refuge in His wounded side. Hallelujah! On Monday, we all got on the 7 a.m. train for Clinton. Here, Brigadier, with a tired body, but clean heart and pure conscience, finished the done his duty faithfully the day before, said good-bye, he going further on, we staying at Clinton. It was his first trip round the Seaforth District, where he has won a large place in the hearts of the people.

At Clinton, we had a grand little time. The brass band turned out with us, and led us the 7 o'clock train; and at noon, or a little after, we all marched up to a central portion of the town and held an open-air for the benefit of the working men at noon hour. We had a nice crowd; all seemed to be trying it, when ding dong went the 1 o'clock bell, and everyone was on the move, and we moved too. Marched all over the place, and at last returned, accompanied by no small army of Juniors.

We had a Junior's meeting in the barracks, led by Captain Viggins, assisted by Brothers Simmons and Mason from Wingham. There were seventy-eight children inside, and they richly enjoyed the meeting. At night, we held another open-air, and after a meeting inside, had a nice little gathering, been for the asking. Good collections and friends, and soldiers all got wonderfully cheered and helped. Only one drawback was a soak.

Next morning, as the Captain and I were out, we met Father Hill, who had been at the meeting the night before. God did bless him. He was filled with the Spirit, and bless his favorite, "Do you wonder at the people being envious?" The same morning we met Mrs. Hill, she was as full as ever, and showed his interest in the extension of God's Kingdom by the handsome donation of $65 for a tent for the Clinton Circle Corps. Mr. Mutry, of Blyth, donated the harness, and the buggy we still have mighty faith for.

So, dear Editor, I think you will agree with me in saying God is indeed good to us down here in this work; and we in Seaforth District pledge more than ever our loyalty to Him and His Army.

Ensign W. H. FRAZER.

LOST FRIENDS' COLUMN.

To the Distressed.

The Salvation Army invites parents, relations and friends, in any part of the world, interested in any person, or girl who is known or feared to be living in immorality, or is in danger of coming under the control of immoral persons, to write, stating full particulars, with name, date and address of all concerned, and, if possible, a photograph of the person in whom the interest is taken.

We shall charge no cost for two advertisements (at cents for one) at not more than five lines each. One dollar will be charged for anything above this and not exceeding ten lines. This is necessary to pay expenses of time and stationery.

We are prepared to receive inquiries from any person. The fullest possible particulars should always be given in correspondence relating to these inquiries so as to avoid delays and expense. The number of the advertisement should in every case be quoted.

All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and must be addressed to Ensigne H. Boone, Commandant, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, with the word "Inquiry" on the corner of the envelope.

NOTE.—Don't forget that the sum of fifty cents must be sent with each case before it can be dealt with. This will save much trouble.

Persons making inquiries for lost friends through our Inquiry Department will kindly remember to keep us posted in the event of changing their address. This is most important.

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1377 **Whitlatter, Samuel.** Left Muskoka twenty years ago. Height 5 ft. 10in., dark complexion, about 35 years of age. His brother William desires information as to his whereabouts, dead or alive. Write above address. United States Cry please copy.

1368 **Cockrane, Henry.** Left Schlitz, Manitoba, four years ago. Last heard of in St. Paul, Minnesota. His brother John is very anxious to hear of his whereabouts. Important news for him. Write above address. United States Cry please copy.

1329 **Hapletscue, George.** Sailor. Native of Suffolk, England. Last heard of at Halifax, Nova Scotia, fifteen years ago. His two sons who reside in Ipswich, Suffolk, are anxious to hear of his whereabouts. Write above address.

1371 **Pegenue, Alfred.** Left his home in Surrey, Eng., over two years ago. Now serving in the Queen's service. Labourer. Aged thirty-four, fair, grey eyes; brown hair; five feet six inches. Address as above.

1372 **Shepherd Family.** James, Nicholas, Charles and Elizabeth. Natives of Wigton, Cumb., Eng. The brothers were four sailors. James, the eldest, had an artificial leg, and was of fair complexion, about 5 ft. 9 in. in height; age about 51 years. Used to be in Greenock about 30 years ago. Sister Annie enquires. Address as above.

1373 **Kent, William.** Living in Amherstburg, Ontario, Canada. Last heard of in 1899 in London, Ont. Letters were addressed "Ship P. O. London, Ont." Left Liverpool, England, on a sailing vessel, place; also brother-in-law. Sister Annie enquires.

1374 **Stubs, William.** Bolder; address two years ago was 245 Mashing Avenue. About 50 years of age; 5 ft. 7 in. in height; slight build; dark complexion; brown hair, hairy brown moustache, sharp feature; weight about 9 ft. 7 in. Sister Annie enquires. Address as above.

1377 **Stewart, James C. F.** Sent out from England by Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Stewart, Ont. Farm servant. Former address, 646, Bugle J. Stewart, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Stewart, Ont. Colour, light brown hair; spotted face; slender. Brothers Joseph and Thomas are anxious to hear from him.

1379 **Campbell, Mrs. Richard.** Was living in Preston, Canada, Sept. 1897. Now supposed to be in United States. Eldest son Willie was a soldier in Danish & A. Corps. Sister Bonine Lighthart anxious for news.

1380 **Frow, Wesley.** Left Manvers station Lindsay, Ontario, about twenty-five years ago, but not since back head from. Age 18 years; height 5 ft.; slight complexion; dark eyes; dark hair; brown in very anxious as regards his welfare. Anyone knowing his address please write above address All of War Cry" please copy.

Promotion to Glory of Brother Gilbert, St. Catharines.

A Saved Infidel Dies Triumphantly.

We have just had another break in our ranks here in St. Catharines. This time God has called home our soldier-comrade, Brother Gilbert. Our brother has been a great sufferer for some length of time, and for the last six months he has been confined almost entirely to his room.

His life previous to his conversion was

A Very Dark One,

he having preached infidelity, and used his influence to get people to disbelieve in God and eternity.

Shortly after the Army came to St. Catharines, his daughter got converted, and eventually got him persuaded to come to the meetings, where God began to rest on his heart, and in a very short time after he gave in to the strivings of the Holy Spirit. Since that time he has aimed if possible

To Undo the Wrong

he had formerly brought about, and help to turn others to God.

Just shortly before his death when visiting him, he told me of the plans he had in view for extending the Kingdom, and bringing souls to God. His idea was to build a steam yacht and turn it over to the Army, to be manned by two or three officers, a cook, an engineer and fireman, and cruise the Manitoulin Islands and the north shore of Georgian Bay, and hold meetings in the different ports, and the harvest was convinced. The reason he so anxious to do this, was because in these parts he had

Largely Proclaimed His Infidel Ideas

while living there as a fisherman and sailor. His whole soul seemed to be on fire for extending the Kingdom of God, and he often urged those around him to work for souls. However, God had other purposes in view for his comrade, and on June 5th, the summons came for him to proceed to the heavenly headquarters, he being in his 56th year.

We gave him a

Real Army Funeral

on Sunday at his home in Jordon, Captain Peard at his request conducting the funeral services. A very large crowd of people gathered at the house, and also at the grave to witness the funeral services, and as the band played, and different comrades spoke of the fidelity of our comrade, many hearts were touched.

On the coffin rested an anchor, with "S.A.," worked on the cross-bar, given by the corps.

The people in the immediate vicinity in which our brother lived, have been powerfully to him in watching by his couch in sickness, caring for him during his sickness.

The bereaved ones have our prayers that God may make this death the means of life (Christ) to each member of the household.

Dear reader, will you take your stand as a soldier of the Cross, and fill up the gap made vacant by our brother; if not, commence from to-day.

Ensign W. J. TURNER.

We have now in the Rescue Work, in various parts of the world, 48 Homes, officered by 299 trained workers, and receive about 4,200 lost and sinful women per annum. In the United Kingdom there are 14 Homes, under the care of 168 officers. Connected with these are four industrial businesses and an Enquiry Department for the lost. Last year we received into our care 2,000 women. We also dealt with about 450 other cases of lost women, giving them advice and guidance in some form or other.—*Darkest England Gazette.*

EASTERN PROVINCE

BRIGADIER JACOBS.

Newfoundland Nuggets.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN J. READ.

"The War, the War, the Salvation War." It rolls on all over the Island. News of battle and rotors of victory reached The Salvation Army will yet be one of the leading religious communities in Newfoundland. A little breeze of persecution suffered recently has served to sharpen our voracious soul appetite. Perhaps a few more notes of the battle's advance will cheer many readers.

At the centre, St. Johns, things are all in a boil just now, in anticipation of the Provincial Secretary's visit to our shores. Sufficient to say, he will get a warm welcome all round and lots of hard work, for the program is a lengthy one indeed. We know our Brigadier is a worker, and consequently will be just in his element while with us.

Mrs. Read and myself have just put in a profitable twelve days' campaign, taking in Carbonear, Heart's Content, Scilly Cove, Harbor Grace, Bay Roberts, and Brigus, and a grand time we had. Though a hard time of the year our meetings were crowded, with the exception of two.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Read and Captain Payne, and indeed all the comrades gave us a hearty welcome. The Staff tells me he is delighted with the Newfoundlanders. They are a fine people he says. So he is of the same opinion as our dear Commandant.

On Sunday night I attended the meeting in No. II. barracks, and you should have seen the shining faces of those happy soldiers as they rejoiced over two men and a woman seeking salvation. Oh, how they did dance!

I Counted Twenty-Eight Men on the Platform at the prayer-meeting besides those who were fishing in the audience.

I notice here the soldiers remain to the prayer-meeting and hold on to God in mighty faith. A great number of the audience, too, always remain to the prayer meeting. The order, too, in every meeting is excellent.

I have had the pleasure, too, of taking tea with Staff-Captain and Mrs. Read.

The Headquarters is a Model of neatness and order. The Staff has a place for everything, and everything in its proper place.

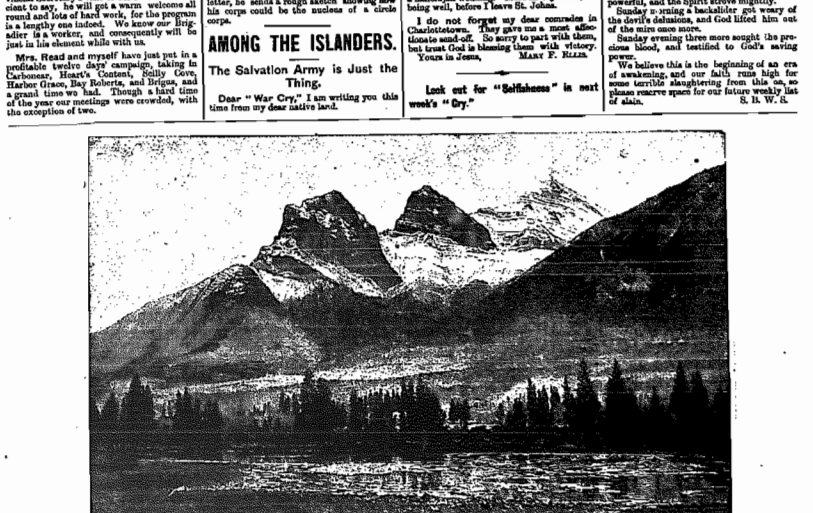
Brigadier Jacobs is here, and will visit some of the outposts this week, and then on his return the special meetings will begin. All sorts of grand things on the platform, even to a hallelujah wedding. More in my next, all being well, before I leave St. Johns.

I do not forget my dear comrades in Charlottetown. They gave me a most affectionate send-off. I'm sorry to part with them, but trust God is blessing them with victory.

Yours in Jesus,

MARY F. ELLIS.

Look out for "Selfishness" in next week's "Cry."



THREE SISTERS, ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

JESUS THE DELIVERER.

A FEW THOUGHTS.

"There shall come out of Zion the Deliverer."
—Romans xi., 26.

He is especially equipped.—Luke iv., 18.

He is able.—Daniel iii., 17.

He is compassionate.—Psalm lxxii., 12.

Extent of Deliverance.

From power of darkness.—Colossians i., 13.

From present evil world.—Galatians i., 4.

From temptation.—II. Peter, ii., 9.

From snare of fowler.—Psalm xci., 3.

From distresses.—Psalms cvii., 6.

From our enemies.—II. Samuel, xvii., 18.

From every evil work.—II. Timothy iv., 18.

Not from falling.—Psalms cxvi., 8.

From this body of Death.—Romans vii., 24-25.

From fear of death.—Hebrews ii., 15.

From bondage of corruption.—Romans viii., 21.

From wrath to come.—I. Thessalonians i., 10.

From the pit.—Job xxxiii., 28.

Thou shalt compass me about.

With songs of deliverance.—Psalms xxxii., 7.

Honor Roll.

Lieut. Davidson	Victoria, B.C.	165
Lieut. Prince	Picton, N.S.	94
Capt. Hills	Victoria, B.C.	59
Sergt.-Major McDougall	Picton	47
Capt. Carter	Picton	50
Sister Phillips	Picton	43
Capt. Tierney	Victoria, B.C.	75
Capt. I. Drewitt	Huntingdon	25
Capt. J. H. Wiseman	Woodstock	37
Sergt. Forward	St. John's, N.B.	34
Sister Mrs. Hoffman	Woodstock, Ont.	34
Sergt.-Major Hunsinger	Woodstock, Ont.	34
Sister C. Glen	Kingston	31
Sister Goodwin	Kingston	31
Nellie Fox	Yarmouth, N.S.	30
Lieut. Jordan	Owen Sound	29
Capt. Dodd	Forest	27
Capt. Maxwell	Sydney, C.B.	27
Sergt.-Major McElrath	Belleville	25
Sergt. Bailey	Belleville	25
Mrs. Staff-Capt. Sharpe	Kingston	25
Alma Goodwin	Yarmouth, N.S.	25
Josie Rhodes	Yarmouth, N.S.	25
Annie Saunders	Yarmouth, N.S.	25
Nellie Fox	Yarmouth, N.S.	25
Lizzie Rhodes	Yarmouth, N.S.	25
Jessie Saunders	Yarmouth, N.S.	25
Sergt. Mrs. Donnelly	Pulmerston	25
Lieut. G. McKelphin	LaChute	24
Lieut. E. Gibson	Cobourg	24
Capt. Woolley	Cobourg	24
Mrs. Capt. Woolley	Cobourg	24
Johannah Miller	Yarmouth, N.S.	24
Candidate M. Hill	Kingston	24
Mrs. Ensign Clark	Woodstock, Ont.	24
Sister Wright	Kingston	23
Sister Brewster	Victoria, B.C.	23
Lieut. Cunningham	Victoria, B.C.	23
Mrs. Blake	Ottawa	23

Calgary's Conquests.

Oh, what a week, and how weak the writer feels to eke out justice to events.

No time to waste on further preliminaries or adjectives.

Monday, God convicted a sinner, brought him out to the penitent-form, and gave him victory.

Tuesday had last soldiers' roll call under present officers. Oh, what a glorious hallelujah jubilee it was! It is an impossibility for me to describe it. I'm afraid the corps will have to get a more ready pen to depict these special times.

Wednesday and Thursday, the Commandant and Brigadier were with us, and my excuse for not commenting, is the belief that one of the Staff will send you a special "write up." I might venture the glad news that a backslider returned to the fold.

Friday, holiness meeting led by Captain Barber, our new leader; one of the good old-fashioned, blessed spiritual times. Sanctification was the theme. Sanctification was in the air, and sanctification got embedded in many souls. Glory to His name!

Saturday and Sunday's meetings were very powerful, and the Spirit strove mightily.

Sunday morning a backslider, a victory of the devil's delusions, and God lifted him out of the mire once more.

Sunday evening three more sought the precious blood, and testified to God's saving power.

We believe this is the beginning of an era of awakening, and our faith runs high for some terrible slaughtering from this on, so please reserve space for our future weekly list of slain.

S. B. W. S.

ROSS PEAK GLACIER.

MONTREAL DISTRICT PROSPECTS.

The Army Wanted in the Villages.

A letter to hand from Lieutenant Meiklejohn, saying that the work is going along better than it has for some time, and that arrangements have been made to hold meetings in two different places besides Lachute. The people are anxious to have her come. A few have lately got saved, and many are convicted. Go ahead, Lieutenant, God is God to make alive!

Captain Broadbelt, of Huntingdon, states that the children's meetings are beautiful, and three good cases of conversion. Praise God! Lieutenant Robbins has been away east at her home to visit her dear brother who was dying, doing all she could to help and cheer him, and the rest of the family. He passed away, saying "Jesus is precious." Reader, will this be your experience at the hour of death? She comes back with a heart full of holy love for souls. God bless you, Lieutenant.

Open-Air Again! No. II. better known as Point St. Charles, is getting along. Captain Savage has farewelled, and Captain Cameron is supplying for a short time. The people are hard to get inside these summer nights, but we must attract them in the open-air.

They have good open-airs at No. I. The war is waging, crosses dull and bright, heavy and light; but never mind, we are going in for victory. Big times last Sunday, three souls at night; one soul Monday, and one soul last night, and we are believing and praying for more.

Captain Smith is here at present helping us to war a good warfare. Yours to serve,

Ensign GEORGE L. ARNETT.

A WEEK-END WITH A CIRCLE CORPS.

Arriving at Dutton at about four o'clock Saturday afternoon, we were met at the station by Brother Mann, who took us to his house to wait further developments. A few minutes afterwards, Lieutenant drove up with the war horse

"IS THAT HORSE ANY GOOD,

did you say?"

Well, if you had been there and seen how she pulled the load of us six miles to Tyrconnell, you would have said she was a dandy. Well, we got there and found that Mrs. Payton (nee Captain Maggie Bach) was providing for all our needs. Then we went in for a rousing time, brass band to the front, two trombones from St. Thomas, and a bass drum from Dutton.

Tyrconnell Barracks? Yes, sir, you should see it. All new seats, and didn't cost anything, only the labor of making. What kind of a meeting did we have? Well, for a country place it was one of the best that I ever was in. Everybody got free and went in with a bang.

Sunday morning we went to Church. Heard Rev. Mr. Scott preach (brother to Walter Scott, Guelph.) Amongst other good things that he said was that people who professed to be Christians and sat still and did nothing for the Lord, had an over plus of blood on the brain. It was that that brought their happiness.

Afternoon at Dutton. Yes, notable Dutton, noted for its fires, natural and spiritual. As there is not enough water in Dutton to put out a natural fire, so it is with the spiritual Salvation Army fire. We can stand a lot of cold water. I have for a long time wanted to see Dutton Salvation Army. And here I am. Is there any Army left? Well, I should say so, and you should have heard them sing, the congregation as well as the soldiers. Why, they go right on. There is a fine lot of young people here who are not afraid to speak as well as sing. God bless them.

The night meeting was just as good as the other. Some hard fighting was done, but no one yielded. Go on, comrades. God will reward you by-and-bye. R. W. B.

"TITLED" SALVATIONISTS.—Switzerland: Staff-Captain, the Princess Ouchtomsky. Finland: Major, the Baroness von Haartman, and *War Cry* Sergeant, the Baroness von Kothen; and in New Zealand, the Countess of Seafield.

Professor Mudd, a botanist, who has just recently been connected with our Social Reform Work in Australia, contributes articles on "Spiritual Botany" to the Australian *Cry*, spiritualizing the natural. These are very instructive as well as interesting.

Mrs. Williams, of Richmond, Jamaica, recently gave a plot of land to build a barracks on, and with it gave this testimony: "How did I know that I was saved?" she said, "why, because next day, a neighbor's beasts came into our cultivated piece of ground, and mashed things to nothin', and I never felt a bit vexed." Everyone shouted "glory!"

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE
BRIGADIER SCOTT.

Journeyings Round Peterboro' District.

THE SALVATION ARMY STILL ALIVE.

After spending a few days at Peterboro' trying to push on the war and fix up the books I started for Tweed; was met at the station by Lieutenant McCutcheon, who is in charge at present. The meeting at night was a very good one, a nice number present. Captain Parker was over from Madoc to help us, and Lieutenant McAlpine from Peterboro charmed the people with her music and song. At the close of the meeting one young man, who had wandered from God, came back and got right.

The next night the crowd was small on account of the wet weather, but we had a nice march and meeting, a real old-timer. Thank God, it's the Salvation Army yet. After meeting we drove seven miles in the country to Brother Wheeler's, and put up for the night, then the next day drove on to Brother Hardy's for dinner and to Madoc for the night meeting.

Things are rather hard, but faith claims victory. A good march and open-air and the meeting inside was full of life and go. Lieutenant McCutcheon gave us a step on the platform to the tune, "It's the old time religion." The soldiers and Christians took right hold, and a blessed time was spent. The next night we had a proper open-air. A large crowd stood and listened to the word of truth. They gave us over one dollar in the collection. Then we marched to the barracks, and had a real profitable meeting.

Watch out for the change here. People are all excited; the ball is rolling; the horse and rig is on the way. Hallelujah! Then on to Norwood for Saturday and Sunday. Met at the station by Captain Moffat and Lieutenant Spriggs. The open air on Saturday night was good; a large crowd and good collection. The meetings all day Sunday were times of refreshing from 7 a.m. till 11 p.m. We had a march in the morning, which woke people up. In the afternoon the barracks was nearly full, and we had an old-time meeting. One young man came out at the close and gave himself to God. At night the barracks was full, and everyone listened to what was said. We wound up with four in the fountain, making five for the day. Praise God! Right around the district God is giving us victory.

T. COOMBS, Ensign.

A Voice from the Sherbrooke District.

FULL OF INTEREST.

DEAR EDITOR,—I feel that the CRY hasn't had its dues from us down here. Things are hard and trying in many respects, but there are bright things, too, bless God for them, and the trial of our faith is more precious than gold that perisheth. Things so often go differently, oh, so differently to what I'd like to make them go! But patience. Ah!

The Lord has blessedly manifested Himself to my husband and self, and is wonderfully working in our own souls.

I know of a few things that are real good and will pass them off. On a recent tour through the district a young French Canadian, deeply convicted one night at one place, followed the D.O. to the next place and got blessedly converted. The Captain writes that he is coming on well and wishes to be a soldier. Hallelujah!

Shortly after coming here Ensign was to drive a long distance and had for company the young brother of a certain well known officer. The lad was converted, and never had a feeling but that all was right until that drive when full salvation was the theme. He never was satisfied after, until at one of our Friday night meetings God led him into liberty.

A young girl who was saved as a child and called to be a salvation soldier, backslid, and left our ranks. She was heard to exclaim one night when someone was saying she'd been a soldier, "Yes, and I wish I was now." She soon was found at Jesus' feet, and follows Him with the badge on.

Captain Fry, at Coaticooke, is having a fight, but the Lord is helping her to pay her rent every week. God bless her.

Knowlton ditto, and I believe someone got saved there a few days ago.

Captain Clark is alone in Quebec. She shouldn't be if only God had His way with some women we've met. You'd better obey God: His favor is better than life.

Circle Corps are the order of the day down here. Ensign is off to form two, Waterloo and Knowlton, Bedford and Pearceton, respectively, with their outposts. This will be better, we believe, in many ways, and instead of one dear lass officer alone in four places we will have two in each.

I visited Stanstead Junction lately. The Adventists were holding camp meetings close by, and we had very fair crowds at our little meetings. Captain McLean is alone and fighting real hard. She has only one soldier there, and he lives a mile away. Another whose name is still on the roll was sanctified in an Army meeting in U.S.A., and although living several miles away, came up for Sunday's meetings. Two others who used to be soldiers in Richmond came from Newport and one, Brother Lynn, once a notorious drunkard, saved in Sherbrooke, was there from St. Johnsbury, Vt. We had lovely meetings. One woman sought full salvation. A powerful meeting was held at night. God's truth did its work for eternity. There was a noisy, rollicking crowd of young men in, who try the Captain often. None decided that we could see. Just as we hoped to get a backslider into the fountain the door was opened with a bang and an old cheese box rolled in up to the stove, exciting a few, including the backslider; but God wants him and I believe He will have him yet.

Captain McLean is working several other places beside Stanstead Junction, and God is blessing her labors. I found people especially hungering for holiness. A man who has been a soldier for years said, "I thought I was all right so long as I was saved, but since I hear you talk of full salvation I feel something stirring within." God bless him. I encouraged him to seek and God would give him the desire of his heart.

Our own outposts and home corps, too, need showers, and we have every reason to believe they are coming. God bless each place.

Not long since we were driving to one of our meetings, when we were stopped by—"Hello, wait a minute!" from a rough looking man. "You've never called to see my daughter; she's been down with fever, and nobody been to see her. She's almost a Salvationist. I don't care a d—— myself which way you go, but I'll never hinder my children." Poor old man! he has a warm spot in his heart. We called, and got blessed, and trust we were a blessing. Oh, I long for that old man's soul!

Richmond has just changed officers and we are looking for a healthy rise. Watch for victory from each place. E. E. B.

Petrolia District Heard From.

Ensign Creighton Explains Why He has Been so Silent.

This is not the first time the Petrolia District Officer has started to write a District report. Failure has, however, thus far overtaken his best efforts; but write he must, so tries again.

Sarnia comes first. Here, on the twenty-fourth of May, amid a general uproar, abounding with drunks and fire-crackers, I was initiated into my new duties, and succeeded in holding two good open-airs, with fair collections. The indoor meetings, while not overcrowded with people, were, nevertheless, full of salvation life and liberty. The 2nd of July again found me on the battlefield, supported by the officers and a number of the soldiers of the District, also our American comrades from Port Huron.

Three splendid open-airs were held. A respectably-dressed and intelligent-looking man, somewhat under the influence of drink, knelt at the drum-head saying he had been present at an open-air in Petrolia, and ever since was so miserable, that he wanted to have the matter settled at once.

The meeting in the barracks was full of interest, if not full of people. Captain Dodd read the lesson, ex-Captain Ireland led the testimonies; Captain Thomas, of Port Huron, and Mrs. Captain Dodd, of Forest, each sang a solo; while Auntie Randall, of Petrolia, and another comrade sang a duet. Sergeant London, of Petrolia, and Treasurer Smith, of Wyoming, who drove the officers and soldiers of their repective corps into the meetings, with a host of others, gave their testimonies.

help, I doubt not, but in a short time it will be one of the smartest corps in the District. Souls are being saved, and soldiers made.

What shall I say of Wyoming? It is the place to go if you want to be well looked after over night. Father and Mother Smith are right on hand, everything in apple pie order, with lots of salvation sauce, and the barracks is one of the best I have entered, with a good number of old standbyes as soldiers. All that is wanted is more people to work among. Nevertheless, notwithstanding the fact that there are only a few hundred people in the place, the Army has about 100 at some of its regular meetings, and that in this hot weather. Captain McKeen and Lieutenant Whalen are taking well, and several have been to the front during their charge.

And here we are at home in Petrolia, the city of oil wells and speculation. Even here God is with us, and several souls have been saved lately. On a previous Saturday night one man, who has been a great sinner, was button-holed by Sergeant Hollingshead, and after throwing away two bottles of whiskey and laying down his pipe on the drum-head knelt down himself in the open-air, where God spoke to his soul. On rising he said he had tried the life of sin and found nothing but misery, he was now going to try the other side, and hoped to succeed. A week after he turned up to our meeting with his wife, both coming on the platform and giving testimonies. His wife got saved about the same time as he did while she was on a visit to Sarnia.

We have many openings in this district to extend the war, but no officers. Will not some one come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty?

ENSIGN D. L. CREIGHTON.

DEAR EDITOR,—This seems to me to be a very long report with little in it, considering its length, but I could do no better this time, and rather than acknowledge this effort to be failure, I pass it on to you to decide its fate.

[We have decided.—ED.]

The Ensign dedicated a child, and commissioned a Treasurer and Secretary. Three sinners held up their hands, but do what we would, we could not get them to decide to be saved on the spot.

This corps has few soldiers and many difficulties, but Captain Francis and Lieutenant Crawford are forcing the fight, and have succeeded not only in capturing a few souls, but also in thoroughly cleaning and white washing their barracks.

Forest comes second. I have also visited this place twice. The first meeting was mostly among the soldiers and friends. We had a real heart-to-heart talk, and a good number of us promised each other that we would be more desperate for souls. On my next visit, just a month later, I found everybody all alive,

A Strawberry Festival

was on the boards, to which the Mayor of the town sat down. A march of thirty-nine strong was quite a surprise, and a good number came into the meeting, which was, I think, the best I have had in the District. Another child was dedicated, a soldier enrolled, a regular hurricane of songs and testimonies from the Thedford, Wyoming, Petrolia and Forest officers and soldiers. I noticed a retired Church of England parson, who sat right through, smiling and nodding to all that went on.

The march, the festival, the meeting, and the special collection, were all a good success. Forest has its difficulties, but Captain Dodd and his wife are blood-and-fire Salvationists, and if the comrades will only rally to their

Notes from the Bracebridge District.

A HALLELUJAH WIND-UP.

God has not lost His power, neither have we lost our love for Him and souls. Good times all week, good crowds and good collections. Sunday was the crowning time; the fire burned at knee-drill, got hotter at holiness meeting, and two stepped into liberty. Free-and-easy, lively lot of friends testifying. At night God works and we work, and four plunge into the fountain. We finished with a hallelujah wind-up, and march around the barracks.

News just comes from Huntsville that one has been captured for the week. Captain Staynor and Lieutenant Mitchell are in charge of this place, and are bent on victory.

Lieutenant Way is holding on at Parry Sound while Captain Lee is on rest. Lieutenant is enjoying the fight and reports good times and souls in the fountain. This is strictly a temperance place. Would to God all other towns were so!

I am well in both body and soul, and am satisfied with nothing better than a real victory. Ensign MCAMMOND.

THE NEW SONG BOOK

What it will Look Like!

SOON READY FOR SALE.

It Speaks for Itself.

I thought it wise to announce well before hand my public appearance so that I shall be received with due appreciation and honor. I am well bred and can show a good pedigree. My father is the son of our beloved General and our Canadian leader, Commandant Booth. I am the youngest of a large family, I dare say, the healthiest and strongest. Why, I believe with all modesty, that I have inherited

The Best Qualities

of my elder brethren. However, I leave you to judge for yourselves when you have read my biography.

They are making a Blood and Fire coat of Red for me, which I shall put on, before I appear in public. My name is still the same as my two oldest Canadian brothers, one of whom is dead and the other dying; they call me the Salvation Soldier's Song Book. I love every Salvationist already, and I believe soon every one will love me. I bear the royal stamp of the Salvation Army crest, and, as the quintessence of my contents bear underneath the words: "Prepare to meet thy God." Staff Captain Fry handled me a good deal after I had become a solid thought, and the printers have put me together out of many letters, and sheet by sheet I am now run off the press. I am looking forward to the happy day when the lasses in the printing-house shall fold me and stitch the different sections together before they put on my red coat. I am going to have three coats really: one of pressed paper, the other of cloth, and, the third of sheepskin, but all red, as the blood of which I sing.

I am Intensely Musical,

and can sing nearly all my songs to more than one tune. All my songs are numbered, and a large number have a small letter underneath the figure. By means of this letter you can refer to the key in the back, and so find out what different tunes can be sung to the words of the respective song. There are some good old songs, which, nevertheless, grow tiresome because you have only one tune to it. Now this will prove a great boon to you, and you will bless me for this new acquisition of mine.

The next best thing is the way all my hymns are classified under headings, as salvation, testimony, holiness, prayer meetings, war and special occasions. Surely you wi'l have no trouble to find any songs for whatever meeting you may conduct.

Of course I commence with salvation, and there with the good old tune, "Behold, behold the Lamb of God."

The headline says,

TUNE—"Will you go?" B. B. 13. S. M. I. 380.

That means for bandsmen you find the music in the Band Music Book No. 13, and for the organ and piano in Salvation Music I. Vol., No. 380. The key letter says P., and turning to the key you'll find a number of tunes to which you can sing it. I have also the songs, blessed to many, "Jesus, lover of my soul," "Jesus waits to pardon you," "At the Cross there's room," etc., besides quite a few new songs which will soon become popular.

Next comes testimony. This section has "Christ now sits on Zion's Hill," "Gone are the days of wretchedness and sin," "Since I have been redeemed," "I left it all with Jesus," "I will not doubt the heart that loved me," "Down at the Saviour's feet," "My heart is now whiter than snow, etc. This part contains a number of solos for free-and-easy.

The following category is holiness, and begins with, "Come in, my Lord, come in." Here we have a beautiful collection of consecration songs, and it would be difficult to say which are the best, they are all so good. THE NEW SONG BOOK.

(Concluded next week.)

A Group Taken at the Island Park, Toronto, on Dominion Day.

War Topics.

Home once more!

The Commandant and Ensign Smeeton have returned.

They have travelled thousands of miles, and scores of souls have been the results of their efforts. God bless our leader!

On the first sight of the train, every eye was strained to catch the first glimpse of our leader's face. Yes, we were glad indeed to welcome him!

The Headquarters people were very anxious to greet the Commandant, and, notwithstanding the early hour at which he was to arrive, they, in company with the Headquarters Band, made their way down to Parkdale station, and gave him a right royal reception.

And Thursday night! That was the time. Flags were flying, bands playing, hundreds of soldiers, etc., etc. We mustn't say too much here; see report on another page.

Everyone pray! We have just received the following from Ensign McGillivray:—"Just a line to let you know that Captain Handicott of Midland, is very sick with bleeding of the lungs; he was almost gone on Monday night, is some easier to-day; doctor gives more hope. Kindly ask the CRY readers to pray for him."

Lexicon! As will be seen, we have got to the end of the alphabet, so this is the last week that this interesting column will appear.

Every Canadian Salvationist and friend will read Commissioner Coombs' letter in this issue, and we trust it will tend to spur them on to greater victories in the future than they have experienced hitherto.

Another word to our poets. While we wish them to put their songs to popular tunes, we would like them to give Over Jordan "a rest." We have at the present time quite a few songs put to this grand old tune, but as this generally appears every week, we should be pleased if our song makers would—well, try some other tune.

No less than nine names of soldiers of the Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, corps appears in the Honor Roll of this week's CRY. Bravo! Yarmouth.

If Toronto comrades would give their WAR CRYS when finished with to the Captain their corps, the CRYS could be given to a member of the League of Mercy, and thus distributed among the various hospitals and jails, where it is much appreciated. Many soldiers and friends will also find it possible to buy an extra one for this purpose alone. A box could be placed at the door, into which these CRYS could be dropped as the people go out, or a soldier could stand there and receive them.

We promised last week that some particulars with respect to the French work would appear in this issue. We find at the last moment this is impossible on account of the photo of Adjutant Rioux not coming to hand. However, cheer up, comrades; watch the next CRY.

Another arrival! The news has just reached us that Ensign and Mrs. Miller, of Guelph, are the happy possessors of a female Cadet. May the Lord bless them and help them to train her to be a mighty warrior for God.

HOW THE WAR WAGES!

Reports from the Far East to the Far West.

AN M.P. AT THE PENITENT-FORM—HOW DOMINION DAY WAS SPENT, ETC., ETC.

They Would Rather Hear the New Captain.

BERLIN.—Lieutenant Pratt farewelled here on Sunday after fighting for quite a while alone, yet not alone. We had grand meetmeeting from seven in the morning till night, but no one farewelled from sin. Two of her converts are standing and fighting bravely.

We welcomed our new officer, Captain Rutledge, on Saturday night. We had a grand open-air; people came to hear a lecture in the town hall, but were so taken up with Captain's singing and dancing, that they forgot about lecture, and the lecturer turned out the lights and came to meeting. We are believing for good times here, and we are going in for victory.—G. Smith, Special Correspondent.

Prodigals Coming Home.

BONAVISTA, Newfoundland. — Praise God, we are still marching on in the strength of our King, who does give us the victory. We can rejoice to see some poor prodigals returning home to their Father.

On Monday night we gave our comrades—who have been away to the ice—a welcome home. God has kept them true to Him, and they were able to testify to His keeping power.—Captain Campbell.

A Very Special Dominion Day.

BRANTFORD.—We are desirous of letting it be known—to the glory of God—that He is still helping and blessing us in this portion of the battlefield. Last Thursday night, Captain Handicott, late of India, who has been very near the river of death, but whom the Lord has been pleased to raise up again, was with us, and gave us a very thrilling and interesting lecture on the work in India. He also was with us for the week-end, along with Sister Lindsay of Strathroy.

Yesterday, which was celebrated here in the city as Dominion Day, we had an ice cream social and jubilee. The kind friends of the Army here in Brantford came nobly to our help, and supplied us with an abundance of good things, and not only so, but a good number of them came along and paid to help eat up what they had sent in. God bless them! This has been the most successful social that has been held in Brantford for a very long time. I must not forget to mention those who so kindly came along and helped to make it a success. The Norwich brass band, assisted by Brother Brookes, and his son, Johnny Brookes, and the two Sisters Lindsay, by their good playing, rendering us valuable assistance; also Captain Handicott and Captain Wilcox, and Lieutenant Best, of Norwich, and Brother McLaughlin, of Paris. Our own officers, Captain Halpenny and Lieutenant Broughton, assisted by soldiers of this corps, put in some good work behind the scenes. Praise God!—C. Stevenson, Special Correspondent.

Grand Camp Meetings.

CHATHAM, New Brunswick. Grand times at the camp meetings in Chatham, New Brunswick; a few souls coming to God, numbers of others just on the verge of giving in. Ensign McDonald came to our help for Saturday and Sunday; had a proper time. Camp packed Sunday night, and large crowds standing outside to hear the old story of the Cross. Altogether, are having blessed times. Giving God all the glory.—Ensign J. S. MacLean.

One For The WAR CRY.

COLLINGWOOD.—The following is told by a Lieutenant; There was a man in a store who bought a Cry every week and took it home to his mother, who was glad to get it. The young man removed out of town and did not leave word for officers to send Cry to his mother. She did not get one for three weeks, and every Saturday she would have a big cry because she could not get the grand Cry; at last the Lieutenant found her, sold her the Cry, which stopped her cry. May God help us to boom the Cry.—Ensign Dowell.

Circle Corps Conquests.

FEVERSHAM.—Although we have been silent for a few weeks, we have been having victory in the Feversham circle. Captain Lee, a former officer here, was with us yesterday (July 2nd), and we had glorious meetings all day. In the morning we were at No. II. Brigade, Henderson. Our crowd was not very large, but God was there, and one brother sought and found the Saviour.

In the afternoon we were at No. I., when one sister came to Jesus for pardon. At night we went into the meeting full of faith that God was going to work in our midst, and although the weather was very unfavorable a good number attended and God set His seal on our meeting by saving another sister from her sin. Captain Lee furnished lots of music, and Father Brown sang a solo, and everybody went home feeling it was good to be there. Yours, a more than conqueror,—Captain F. H. McLeod.

Lots of Interesting Items.

FOREST.—Just a few lines to let you know about our big go, which took place on June 26th. We had with us our new D. O., Ensign Creighton, with his female staff, Captain McKeun and Lieutenant Waler, from Wyoming, Captain Francis and

Will you come up to the open-air as though it was of some importance, feeling that God has given you a privilege that once lost, never returns?

Lieutenant Crawford from Sarnia, also Lieutenant Scott from Thedford, with the soldiers from the above corps. You say, did we have a good time? Well, I should say so. The D.O. called the soldiers and officers outside for a prayer meeting, in which God came very near, then we marched through the main streets of the town, had an open-air, in which Lieutenant Scott sang a solo. The crowd then followed us to the barracks.

The meeting inside started with some real prayer, followed with a war song, then Captain McKeen read a few verses from Father's book. A few minutes was given for testimonies, then comes the dedicating of a child, followed by the enroling of a recruit. Then there was some real heavy shooting at the sinner, followed by a prayer meeting. We hung on for nearly an hour but none would yield, but we believe that much good shall yet come from that meeting. God grant it. Victory is our song as we march along.—Captain and Mrs. Dodd.

Getting the Glory.

GALT.—The old devil's kingdom must come down. Three out for clean hearts last week. We are real healthy in soul, and able to take a good square meal of salvation. God is helping us to roll on the old chariot; we have grand times in the open-air meeting, and get the glory in our souls. "Great peace have they that love Thy law, and nothing shall offend them." — Captain Cockerill and Wife.

News from the Outrider.

GLADSTONE.—Gladstone outriding district has had a change; Captain Bailey has gone to Rapid City, and I have been sent to take his place. Have just completed one trip round the district and like it. Travelled 115 miles, met some warm-hearted friends, had fair crowds and good attention; got thirty cents collection and one soul. So much for the past, and with faith firm in God we go on to greater victory, and you will hear from us again.—Captain Will Flaws.

The Brigades are doing Famously.

HALIFAX I. — On Tuesday night two souls sought mercy, one in the tent and one in the church. Our Brigades are doing well; good crowds stand to listen to the story of the Cross. Our inside meetings are also good, though the hot weather and worldly attractions keep many away; we pray that they may be attracted, too, by the Cross before it is too late.

On Sunday morning thirty-two met for knee-drill, when one soul sought salvation, also a grand holiness meeting; and in the night meeting in the tent six souls sought Jesus as their Saviour, and after meetings were over both Brigades met for a grand open-air meeting at ten o'clock, p.m. A great crowd gathered around, and we believe a great impression was made on the hearts of the unsaved. Praise God! We mean victory.—Sergeant Cassin.

A Seventy Years old Convert.

HANTS' HARBOR.—Hants' Harbor has been privileged with a visit from Staff-Captain and Mrs. Read. They came here on Tuesday; we were in doubt about getting a crowd, as the most of our men left to go to the Straits of Belle Isle to spend the summer months fishing, but the Lord sent along enough people to fill the barracks. Some of our sister soldiers felt a little sad as their husbands and friends sailed away from home four hours before the meeting commenced, perhaps never to return home again, but God was with us, His Spirit was upon Mrs. Read as she read in the Bible where God says, if we come out from the world and be separated He will receive us and we shall be His sons and daughters. Her words went home to every heart. The D.O. talked straight to the unsaved; many of them felt the importance of getting saved right away. After a little prayer one sister, a backslider, came to the Cross and professed to get right.

God is helping us all the way along. The following Sunday night one man, over seventy years of age, came out to the penitent form and prayed earnestly to Jesus to save; He answered prayer and set him free. All glory we give to Jesus. — Lieutenant Peter Parsons.

The Red Maria at Work.

HEADQUARTERS' BRIGADE.—To hear about the Red Maria is becoming quite a topic, and to some people it seemed almost a hard task to discover the whereabouts of said carriage; but the problem has been solved and good is again being done, for the Red Maria can now be seen and heard rambling through the streets, manned by six or more young men with white caps, who, having been released from the prison-house of sin, find it a pleasure to declare God's free salvation to every sinner.

On Friday Brigadier de Barritt and the above mentioned band, conveyed by the said Red Maria, paid a visit to Lisgar street corps, where a Salvation Army open-air was conducted in an old-fashion style revised. To be there and see one poor sinner after another come forward was indeed food for the soul. Three souls came forward to settle the eternal problem of their soul's salvation with God their Maker, and kneeling down in the grass proved how freely He forgives those who are in earnest. We shout hallelujah, give God the glory, and trusting in His exceeding precious promises we march forward and stand for the truth.—John M. C.

Kingston All Alive.

KINGSTON.—The tide of God's power is still resting in and around Kingston. God is having His Own way. Meetings are very well attended. Interest seems to be getting better. Open-airs in the park and on the street corners take well and the results are good. In the last week, four came out for pardon, and four for cleansing. Soldiers are getting on fire and filled with the fighting spirit. Look out for greater things.—Captain W. Brindley.

Daddy Holds Forth.

KINGSVILLE. — Having been sent to Kingsville to supply over Sunday, we found the tried band of soldiers in good spirits and ready to have another well-aimed charge at the unconverted, and the boys behaved well as we held forth the Word of Life and tried as well as we could to make an impression on their hearts. A pretty good crowd stood around the open-air on Saturday night listening, especially to our daddy, who told of his mighty deliverance with joy and glory in his soul; and when we closed, we could thank the dear Lord for blessing our souls and helping us to bless others.—Lieut. Haldane.

Real Salvation Times.

LISGAR STREET.—Praise God, for the good times at No. III. Good meetings all the week; special officer; grand open-airs. Sunday, forty on the marches, held four meetings inside, nine open-airs, three brigades out morning and afternoon; people spell-bound and very interested. They are sure the Army is of the Lord. Four souls during the week, and three on Sunday. Two were little boys; it gladdened the hearts of the J. S. Sergeant. We praise God, and, taking courage, go in more determined than ever.—S. C.

A Hard Time of It.

LITTLE BAY.—The Lord has poured out His Spirit in a wonderful manner, giving us wonderful victories the past winter, though the mines have nearly closed down, only a few now working, and the soldiers had to go to different parts to seek employment; yet we could shout victory in seeing a great number of souls rejoicing in their new-found Saviour. Praise the Lord for ever. We had also great oppositions, and the devil did all he could to discourage us. But he has been a liar from the beginning. We mean to march on in the strength of God—victory is ours. The officers have farewelled for Council. Captain Bishop, and Lieutenant Hopkins have suffered quite a lot in discharging their heavenly Master's business, which they well and faithfully did during their stay here. I believe they did all in the strength of God.—E. M. Coady.

An Irishman's Testimony.

MOOSOMIN, N. W. T.—Our souls have great reason to rejoice in our God this morning for the vic- that He has enabled us to win for Him in this place. Praise the dear Lord. During the past week, we have seen three more call upon God for pardon, which they freely obtained, one of them being an Irishman, and gave his testimony as follows:—"Some four years ago, I got into trouble, so I asked God to help me out this time, and I would not ask Him for anything again, so I didn't until to-night. Now Jesus saves me, praise His Name." He has been to our meeting since and testified to God's power to save and keep. Thank God, His storehouse is large, and He has plenty for all that call upon Him. Oh, may God help us not to limit His power to save.—George Mack.

They are Coming.

MORDEN.—We have just arrived here. Such a nice little town is Morden. But one thing thou lackest, that is a good, big corps of Salvationists. But, thank God, there are a few, and good ones too; and isn't the Lord going to help us to make a lot more? I believe.—Capt. O'Neill.

Came Unawares.

MOOSEJAW.—Lieutenant Hicks and myself have just taken charge of the work here. We arrived a week ago, a day sooner than was expected by the soldiers, and in a way was rather a disappointment to them, as arrangements were to have met us at the depot in real Army style made with flag and drum, but the will was taken for the deed. The meetings have been well attended since coming, and on the 1st of July, we took our open-air stand alongside where a game of lacrosse was being played, and while the crowd stood and listened, we fired some Gospel shots, then took up a drum-head collection which amounted to $5. God bless the Moosejaw people. We hope soon to report souls.—Capt. Alice Gooding.

Saved on His Death Bed.

NEWCASTLE. — During the week our crowds have been fairly well. Good spiritual feeling throughout. On Sunday I was sent for to visit a sick lad. I did so, and found him in a dying condition without salvation, but after explaining the way to him, I asked him to pray. He did so, and while praying the light of God came into his soul. He grasped my hand, exclaiming, "Oh, I am glad you came; God has saved me, the light has come." He died the following Thursday with a clear trust in God up to the last minute. Yours to save the lost and dying.—Captain J. Davies.

Several Important Visitors.

NIAGARA FALLS.—This is a place of continual change, new faces continually appearing. The Kaleidoscope Brigade has given us a week-end, and a thing very appropriate, for the place is always changing. Captain White and the Tonawanda braves have also been here and given us a cheer up. The Captain stated that some friends of their town had shown some practical sympathy, one by letting him have a tent free for the season, another letting a nice plot to put it on, and the Electric Railway Company giving all soldiers in uniform free passes to and from the meetings in the tent. Captain Howard has also come and gone, this being the scene of many triumphs for him a few years ago.

The hot weather and outside attractions about here are keeping many away, but God is helping the faithful few to do something for Him in the open-air. Farewell orders also came, but have since been cancelled, and we therefore go on in the Saviour's name to work for Him. Mrs. Andrews and myself are both well and endeavoring to put the ten thousand to flight. Pray for us.—Captain Ernest Andrews.

An M. P. Comes to the Penitent-Form.

OMEMEE.—Although you have not heard from us for some time, thank God we are neither dead nor sleeping, but are hard at work thrashing the devil, and I am glad to tell you he is getting defeated, as three souls left his ranks last Sunday night, praise the Lord for ever, one of them being an M. P. Thank God, there is salvation for all. Praise the Lord. We are not weary in well doing,

But determined to conquer the foe,
As forward to battle we go.

S. A. C., for Captain Sergeant and Lieutenant Young.

How They Spent Dominion Day.

ORANGEVILLE.—Since last report one more soul has professed salvation. Saturday, July 1st, being a big day in town, we decided to embrace the opportunity to do something for God; accordingly, being reinforced by Ensign Hendricks, of the Rescue Staff and Captain Tinney from Shelbourne, we marched out to press the claims of Jesus Christ upon the people who were seeking after pleasure in the world. God was with us; large crowds gathered around. We sold quite a number of War Crys, and we feel confident that some of those who listened to us were made to feel the necessity of giving up sin and getting saved.—Captain Charlie Staiger.

A Vist From the Provincial Secretary.

OWEN SOUND.—Dear War Cry,—Since you last heard from here we have had a visit from our Provincial Secretary, Brigadier Holland. Everyone seemed pleased to see him. Preceding the night meeting we held a sandwich social in the barracks, which was enjoyed by all. We had a grand open-air down on the corner. Captain Lee, with his accordion, delighted the folks. He is standing the heat of the battle like a brave soldier. By the way, he has picked up the fiddle and knows how to handle it, too. Ensign Hendricks sang and played the autoharp. The Brigadier led the testimony meeting, and a good one it was. The crowd in the meeting was not very large, but God does not go by crowds. He can bless and save the twos and threes. One young girl came out for salvation. She wept bitterly over her sin and rose thanking God for pardon. Ensign Hendricks has farewelled and gone on a much-needed rest. We are left to fight, and still we mean to push the battle to the gate.—Mrs. Josh Stevenson, Special Correspondent.

Ensign Coombs Welcomed.

PETERBORO'. — Received a letter from Ensign Coombs, stating that he would be with us for Sunday's meeting. Having been laid aside for some time through sickness, soldiers and friends rallied round and gave him a hearty welcome. Quite a number met at seven a.m. knee-drill to pray that God would bless and strengthen for the day's fight. Praise the Lord, not only did He hear but answered them, for while we were on our knees, two little children, a boy and girl, came out and gave themselves to the One Who said: "Suffer little children to come unto Me." They were convicted from Saturday night's meeting. Holiness meeting was a time of blessing, one comrade said Jesus kept him right inside and out; his name is Wainwright. Free-and-easy was an old-timer, Sergeant-Major getting the glory in his feet kept things going for a time. Ensign also thanked God that he was able to be among us again.

The night's meeting was a time when God's Spirit was felt. Ensign read the lesson, and God backed home the truth to the unsaved and backsliders as he warned them of the danger there was of the Spirit of God leaving people. He also spoke of the uncertainty of life, as only on Saturday, two young ladies who were out boating on the river, some accident taking place, boat was upset, and they were called to prove the realities of eternity. "The Son of Man cometh in an hour when we least expect Him." Many wept on account of sin; one sister came to the Cross and found pardon, making three souls for the day. We give God all the glory, and go in for greater victories than ever before. — Lieutenant Given.

Forward, Port Rowan Battalion!

PORT ROWAN.—Among the latest manœuvres of the 265th battalion of Port Rowan volunteers, is the invasion of the village of Port Royal, about three miles from here. We had a very good meeting; the people gave us a warm welcome. There are no other religious meetings held there, so we expect to win many victories for our King. We glory in the fray.—Lieutenant J. W. Andrews.

Hard, But Hopeful.

PRINCE ALBERT.—Since you last heard from me, I have farewelled from Selkirk, and had a rest. Arrived here on Tuesday last, and well saved, hallelujah! I was met at the station by a band of soldiers and

Are you true in heart? Is your service heart service? Only heart service will reach anybody!

friends, God bless them! It seems rather hard at present, but I believe we still have victory through the blood. Captain Scott has not arrived yet, but we expect her to-night. We are depending on God for great things here in the future; we will work, pray, believe and win.—Lieutenant N. Green.

Quebec Heard From at Last.

QUEBEC II.—Dear old War Cry, you are getting better all the time. Yesterday, I heard one man ask another if he had got one of this week's War Crys, for it was a grand one, and the other man answered, "I think the War Cry is grand all the time," and I am of the same opinion.

And by-the-way, dear War Cry, the Salvation Army is not dead in Quebec by any means.

All day yesterday, Sunday, 2nd July, we had quite a revival here, especially the night's meeting; quite a goodly crowd in the audience, amongst them two ministers, both of whom gave their testimonies to the saving and keeping power of God, and that we had their heartfelt sympathy with us in our work, and our Auxiliary friend, Mr. Miller, prayed with us, and some of the Young Men's Christian Association members were also in the meeting; and last, but not least, we had some of the soldiers from Point St. Charles to assist us with the meeting, and altogether we had a most profitable time.

A young man who had not been to our meetings since last summer, came last night, and he said to me after the meeting was over, "Why, the Army has gone up quite a bit since last summer!" and thank God, Captain Clark, Lieutenant Crossman, myself and comrades are in for going up by the grace of God.—Treasurer David Cusick.

Anniversary Meetings.

RIVERSIDE.—Since last report we have had with us a number of specials, who did much to encourage and cheer us in the fight. Our anniversary meetings Saturday night and Sunday, were led by Brigadier de Barritt, Mrs. de Barritt, assisted by Staff-Captain and Mrs. Fisher, and the Staff Band.

On Monday night, Adjutant Jewer conducted the meeting, and right through all the meetings God's presence was felt, and there was a work done, praise God! Have had some good times in our meetings and open-air work lately.—Captain Gamey.

The Cadet's First "Cry" Report.

SACKVILLE, New Brunswick. — The following report from Coburg, one of our outposts, cheers us up:—"Wonderful time in meeting Sunday night. A sister, carrying a heavy load of sin, starts to leave the hall, but before reaching the door the burden becomes too great, and she sinks to the floor, crying for God in mercy to take it away. Her prayer is speedily answered, and she goes on her way praising God for His goodness.—Cadet Morrow for Captain Curry.

[Try again, Cadet.—Ed.]

A Visit From the District Officer.

SCILLY COVE.—It is some time since you heard from us, yet we are not dead nor even sleeping. Of late the devil has been trying very hard to stop our marching and upset us in every way possible, but we are in for victory, and must have it or die in the attempt.

We had with us last week Staff-Captain and Mrs. Read, also Captains Hoddinott and Jennings with their Lieutenants. We had a most blessed time, and one soul in the fountain. Come back again soon, Staff and Mrs. Read; we shall be delighted to give you a hearty welcome!

Most of our soldiers and people have gone to the fishery, but those who are left home are going in for more of God. We are making victory or death our motto, and while God is for us, He is far more than all who can be against us. I am growing in grace.—Captain Hettie Soper.

An Old Leader Visits.

TEMPLE.—Sunday, June 25th, was a well spent and profitable day. The knee-drill, which might be better attended, was good nevertheless. This is where we get strengthened and revived. Holiness meeting was a heart-melting time. The Spirit of God was dealing with our hearts, and we were blessed. The afternoon meeting was a real sweeping free-and-easy and no mistake, after which a boy came out to God for pardon. The night meeting was grand also, with another at the penitent-form.

On Monday night Ensign T. Coombs helped in the meeting. A large crowd gathered to see the Ensign. We were glad to have him with us, although he looks as though he has had quite a severe illness. The meeting was a soul-convicting time, but none would come to God. Went to his corps on Tuesday morning with the prayers of those at the Temple that God may strengthen him to help and strengthen others.

Our meetings in general are good, collections good, and War Crys selling well. There are prospects of raising our number. [Hurry up.—Ed.]

Thursday night's united open-air meeting was a real hurricane of blessing. No one knows what invisible good was done as some testified and sang of God's salvation, and some dealing with the people all round the ring; although we saw no visible results, we were blessed, and believe that God will bless and honor our efforts. Yours in the service of God. Sergeant John Reilly.

Made too Much Noise.

TRURO.—We are still fighting away, sure of having the victory if we fight in the strength of our King. The devil tried very hard to get the victory over us last week, but, praise the Lord, he got left.

As stated in our last report, our barracks was burnt down. There was only one hall we could get, and we could only have that one on Sundays, so we took it for eight Sundays.

Last Saturday, when Captain called for the key, she was told we could not have it as we made too much noise; glory! but after a little talk she got it. We held our meetings there yesterday, and in the evening saw two sisters come out and get well saved. That was how the devil got left.

We had Brigadier Jacobs with us yesterday. He is a hustler. God bless him.—Robert H. Phinney, Special Correspondent.

A Liar From the Beginning.

TWILLINGATE.—God is still helping us here, although the devil says it is no use to try to get souls saved in the summer time, but the devil is a liar from the beginning, and we have proved him to be so, for we can report victory for our King.

Sunday was a day when the devil was defeated. It was very nice to see a march at 6:30 a.m. As we marched the streets singing,

"Sleeping saints of God arise,"

it was a blessed time, also the afternoon a time when God came very near. One soul cried for mercy, and God heard her cry; three more at night, making four for the day. To God we give all the glory.

Captain Bowering has just gone for a short rest after being here for nearly seven months. We miss the Captain, but we are led to believe that there are great things in store for him, and we trust that our loss will be his gain.—Lieutenant G. Cooper.

Preparing for the Commandant.

VANCOUVER.—The report that I sent you of the meeting of June the 18th, was not exactly correct, as we found out, and we want nothing but the truth and the whole truth. In place of there being four, as reported, there were six converted. There was one came out at the holiness meeting, and four at night, and another one was so miserable that he had to get saved when he got home, and came and testified to the fact, and is still marching on. And then there was one on Monday, and another on Thursday, and two on Sunday the 25th, making ten for the two weeks. But look out for greater things, for there were thirty-one out at 6 a.m., for knee-drill Sunday morning; and everybody is in great expectations for the coming meetings of the Commandant. We are all very sorry that Mrs. Booth could not be with him. Nevertheless, he will get a welcome in British Columbia worthy of the son of the greatest General of the nineteenth or any other century. Captain Lowry, and Lieutenants Collett and Comstock, are working early and late to make the meetings soul-saving times. Knee-drill every morning at 6 a.m. "How is that for we?" To-morrow night, there is going to be an enrolment by Staff-Captain Banks, who is always in her place with an eye to the Master's business, and we expect that she is going to leave us when the Commandant comes; so that by the time this appears in the War Cry, she will have bid farewell to the Pacific Coast. The work that she has accomplished for God's cause since her advent here, will never be known until that great morning when all secrets will be revealed, and wherever her lot may be cast, she will take with her the respect and prayers of the whole Brigade of British Columbia and this Special Correspondent.—Eli Higgins.

Still Pounding Away.

WINDSOR.—We want everyone to know that the Salvation Army in Windsor is not dead nor dying as yet.

We have had Captain Gardiner with the "Limelight Service" of Mrs. Booth, for one night, and everyone seemed to enjoy the meeting very much, also Brigadier and Mrs. Jacobs for a week-end.

On Saturday night, Mrs. Jacobs sang a Scotch song, "Ye are all welcome hame," which was something new, and I am sure made some poor sinner feel that he was far away from God and home.

The meetings on Sunday were real good and spiritual, and we feel sure a definite work was done for God and souls. Captain Gamble and Lieutenant Marney are still pounding away at the old devil, and we are all leaning hard on the Lord for continual victory. Hallelujah.—Mattie Larkes, Secretary.

"I want the 'War Cry' Weekly, and Cannot get it!"

—— PEOPLE SAY. ——

Well, send the Editor your name and address and he

Will see it is Left at Your Door Regularly.

Coming Events

Brigadier de Barritt

WILL VISIT

DOVERCOURT, Thursday, July 27th.
RICHMOND STREET, Friday, July 28th.

BRIGADIER HOLLAND,

The Provincial Secretary for the West Ontario Province,

WILL VISIT AND CONDUCT

Special Meetings

—AT—

DUNDAS,	Tuesday,	July	25
ST. CATHARINES,	Wednesday,	"	26
WELLAND,	Thursday,	"	27
PORT DOVER,	Friday,	"	28
SIMCOE,	Sunday,	"	30
ST. THOMAS,	Monday,	"	31

BRIG. AND MRS. JACOBS

— AND —

Fredericton Brass Band

WILL VISIT:

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, July 29th, 30th, and 31st.

STELLARTON, Friday, August 4th.

WESTVILLE, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, August 5th, 6th and 7th.

The Staff Band

under the leadership of

STAFF - CAPTAIN FRIEDRICH

Will visit and conduct special meetings at :—

NEWMARKET, Sat., July 29.
AURORA, Sun., July 30.

ENSIGN HAY, the District Officer for Uxbridge District,

Will hold Red-Hot Holy Ghost Meetings at

STOUFFVILLE, July 29th to August 2nd.
MARKHAM, August 5th " 9th.
AURORA, " 19th " 23rd
NEWMARKET, " 25th " 31st
SUTTON, September 16th to Sept. 21st
MOUNT ALBERT, Sept. 23rd " 27th

Officers and Soldiers from surrounding Corps will be Present at each Place.

Headquarters' Staff Appointments.

DOVERCOURT.

Monday, July 24th—Staff-Capt. Fisher.
Wednesday, July 26th—Adjt. McMillan and Staff.
Thursday, July 27th—Brigadier de Barritt.
Friday, July 28th—Capt. Fox.
Saturday, July 29th—Staff-Capt. Fisher.
Sunday, July 30th—Staff-Capt. Fisher.

RICHMOND STREET.

Monday, July 24th—Capts. Horn and Adams.
Wednesday, July 26th—Capts. Morris and Attwell.
Thursday, July 27th—Staff-Capt. Fisher.
Friday, July 28th—Brigadier de Barritt.
Saturday, July 29th—Adjt. McMillan and Staff.
Sunday, July 30th — Adjt. McMillan and Staff.

ARTHUR STREET.

Monday, July 24th—Capt. and Mrs. Rawling.
Wednesday, 26th—Adjt. Manton.
Thursday, July 27th—Capt. Adams and Lieut. Morris.
Friday, July 28th—Capts. Clarke and McKeen.
Saturday, July 29th—Capt. and Mrs. Rawling.
Sunday, July 30th—Capt. and Mrs. Rawling.

A South African Lieutenant asked a woman to accept a Self-denial envelope, which she refused because she didn't believe in the Salvation Army, and even went so far as to say she couldn't change her opinions, because they had been held by her family for generations back. The local CRY is curious to know what opinions about the Salvation Army were held by her ancestors.

He Will Help You.

BY ENSIGN FLORRIE FRITH.

TUNE—"*Death is coming,*" or "*Whither sinners would you wander.*"

1 Sinner we are sent to bring you
Words of love and cheer;
Sweet the song that now we sing you,
Christ your Friend is here.

CHORUS.

He is willing now to help you,
To pardon all the past;
His love so deep, so real, and precious,
Will forget so fast.

We can understand how bitter
You have proved sin's way;
And with what regret and anguish,
Does the devil pay.

But we've proved in God's dear service,
Joy without alloy;
Peace that passeth understanding,
Nothing can destroy.

We are eager now to bring you
To the heavenly feast;
From the oldest to the youngest,
Greatest to the least.

The Light.

BY W. HONE, WATFORD, ONTARIO.

TUNE—*I am so glad that Jesus loves me.*

3 The world was in darkness and sin's dark night,
God sent His Son in to be the world's light;
He takes away sin, then the darkness doth flee;
Sinner, the light is now shining for thee.

CHORUS.

Sinner, the light is shining for thee,
Open thine heart, the darkness will flee,
Or with the prince of darkness you'll spend
A long eternity.

Christ is the Light, He is also the Way,
Walking with Him we are safe day by day;
Christ is the Truth, that no power can withstand,
Christ as our Hope, points to Canaan's bright land.

Christ is our Life, we never can die,
Though like the flowers in the ground we may lie,
Yet in the dawning of eternity
In heaven for ever with Jesus we'll be.

Have you that sweet peace that only comes from being tired for God? Does the devil ever gnash his teeth at you?

Fall Into Line.

BY ENSIGN FLORRIE FRITH.

TUNE—*Stand up, stand up for Jesus.*

2 The cry goes out for soldiers:
"Fall quickly into line,"
For Jesus will equip you
With power and strength divine.
The fields are white to harvest,
But laborers so few;
Rise quickly, God is calling
And waiting now for you.

(Repeat last four lines.)

Too long, while souls are dying,
Have you been standing back,
Your hand can help to turn them
From the bitter, downward track?
Oh, look away to Jesus,
And trust His wondrous power;
Come quickly into action,
Begin this very hour!

Oh, yes! I'll follow Jesus,
Counting all else but dross;
In His strength I'll go forward
To show and love the Cross!
Till standing in His presence,
I join the conqueror's throng,
To give to Jesus glory,
And sing the glad new song.

Christ is our Judge, He will come in the clouds,
Sentence on each He will call out aloud;
He'll take all His saints to that city so bright,
Where they need no sun, for the Lamb is the light.

Holiness.

BY CAPTAIN T. WALTON, CALNE.

TUNE—*Eran.* ("B.J.," No. 123.)

4 Oh, God, Thou all consuming fire,
Come fill our hearts just now;
Oh, clothe each soul with heavenly power,
At Thy Cross we bow.

CHORUS.

Oh, send us that holy fire
They had at Pentecost,
That we may from this very hour
Live to bring back the lost.

I know Thy power can make me bold,
And help me conquer sin,
Go forth to tell of Jesus' love
And bring the lost ones in.

Filled with Thy power we'll shake the place
Wherein we live and move;
Bring back the lost and wandering ones
To happiness and love.

Sinner, Come!

LIEUTENANT ALBERT H. COOKE, MOUNT ALBERT.

TUNE—*Beulah Land.*

5 Oh, sinner, see on Calvary's height
His bleeding side, His hands and feet
'Twas there he suffered, bled and died,
'Twas there the Lord was crucified.

CHORUS.

Oh, sinner, come! oh, sinner, come!
Why do you stay away from home?
The Saviour pleads, why will you die?
For out of love He left the sky;
He longs from sin to set you free,
For this He died on Calvary.

Oh, will you not to Jesus flee?
He waits to give you liberty;
He paid the debt for you and me
That from our sins we may be free.

Sinner, for you He shed His blood,
It flows for thee, the cleansing flood;
Oh, plunge within the cleansing stream
And it will make you pure and clean.

Oh, sinner, hear His loving voice,
While still He pleads make Him your choice,
He longs to speak your sins forgiven,
He longs to make you fit for heaven.

Bless His Name!

BY R. H. BAKER, WINNIPEG NO. 1.

TUNE—*Beulah Land, so bright and fair.*

6 I once was far down sunk in sin,
And I the broad way travelled in;
But Jesus came to save my soul,
And now He makes me fully whole.

CHORUS.

Oh, bless His name, He sets me free,
He sets me free from all my sin;
'Tis near the Cross I love to be,
And of His love and mercy sing.

My Saviour's ever near my side,
I trust in Him a perfect Guide;
And now I love to fight for Him,
Who gave His life my soul to win.

I've given my heart to be His throne,
There Jesus dwells, and He alone;
He reigns supremely in my heart,
And bids all sin and fear depart.

IT IS TIME

That you should read the letters below to convince you that our men's watches are a splendid hit.

You cannot get a better movement, believe me.

ST. CATHARINES.

To STAFF-CAPTAIN FRIEDRICH:

I see by the samples I have just received you are advertising the Army watches. Now you can use my recommend in the WAR CRY, or any other way *as to their being a grand bargain*. If it is of any use to you, I have had one of your watches now for a little over a year, and I can say it has given me perfect satisfaction. It is a grand time-keeper, in fact everything I could wish for, and I would recommend every Salvationist who are thinking of buying a watch to give you a trial. God bless you. Yours in Jesus, ENSIGN TURNER.

DEAR STAFF-CAPTAIN:

About six months ago I purchased one of your watches, which, up to the present, has kept splendid time, notwithstanding the accidental rough usage it has had. I can honestly recommend same as an excellent article. Yours very truly, H. MORRIS, Captain.

STAFF-CAPTAIN FRIEDRICH, TRADE SECRETARY:

DEAR STAFF,—I am pleased to say that the watch I got from you, over eighteen months ago, has proved itself to be reliable in every respect. To anyone desiring an A 1 time-keeper, I confidently recommend the Salvation Army watches. Yours abundantly satisfied,
GEO. L. PHILLIPS, Captain.

TRADE SECRETARY, S. A. TEMPLE:

SIR,—Some years ago I purchased one of your Army watches, and am pleased to say that since then, in the ups and downs of my life, this article has given entire satisfaction. Yours, etc.,
JOHN M. C. HORN, Captain.

THANKS.

The Commissioner desires to gratefully acknowledge the following Gifts and Donations towards the Social Wing:

LONDON RESCUE HOME.—Mr. John Labatt, $1; Judge and Miss Elliot, 75c.; Mrs. Graves, 25c.; a Friend, $1; Mr. W. J. Stonge, 25c.; Mr. J. P. Cook, 25c.; Mr. McClary, 25c.; Mr. R. Acford, 50c.; Brother Searle, 50c.; Mr. Priddier, 50c.; Mr. Love, 25c.; Mrs. Witerkin, vegetables; Mrs. Ross, lettuce; Mr. Boomer, cakes; Mr. Chapman, Mr. Onn, fish; Mr. Markham, milk; Mr. McCormick, meat; Miss Ido, strawberries; Mr. T. M. McCormick, $2 worth of groceries; Mr. Mountjoy, fruit; Mr. Markham, milk; Mr. Onn, fish; Mr. McDowell, eggs and butter; Miss Ida Dewitt, potatoes; Friends, vegetables; a friend, 50c.; Mr. Chapman, meat.

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, RESCUE HOME.—Mrs. Belyea, sugar, butter, crackers; Mrs. VanWart, meat; Bros. Lawson & Reid, cream, strawberries, cakes and rolls; Mr. Mitchell, cakes; No. II. Corps, $3.

WINNIPEG RESCUE HOME.—Parsons, Bell & Co., $10; Toronto Hide & Wool Co., $4; Mr. Ferguson, meat; Mrs. Branigan, potatoes; Mother Crashaw, groceries, bread and pie; Brandon Friends, $3; Mr. Galt, $4.